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THE LISTENER, JANUARY 3, 1957. Vol. LVII. No. 1449.

PRICE TEN CENTS

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



JANVARI^V

Drawing by Edward Bishop, R.B.A., of a fifteenth-century pottery roundel of Januarius in the Victoria and Albert Museum: Aquarius, the appropriate sign of the Zodiac, is above, and the crescent moon below

In this number:

- Germans Who Defied Hitler (Julia de Beausobre)
- On Fishing Diaries (Arthur Ransome)
- Wales and Mountaineering (Charles Evans)

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The Saxons called the first month 'Wulf Monath' and no doubt they had their reasons. In our calendar, however, the name derives from Janus, the Roman deity who kept the gates, looking simultaneously back into the past and forward into the future.

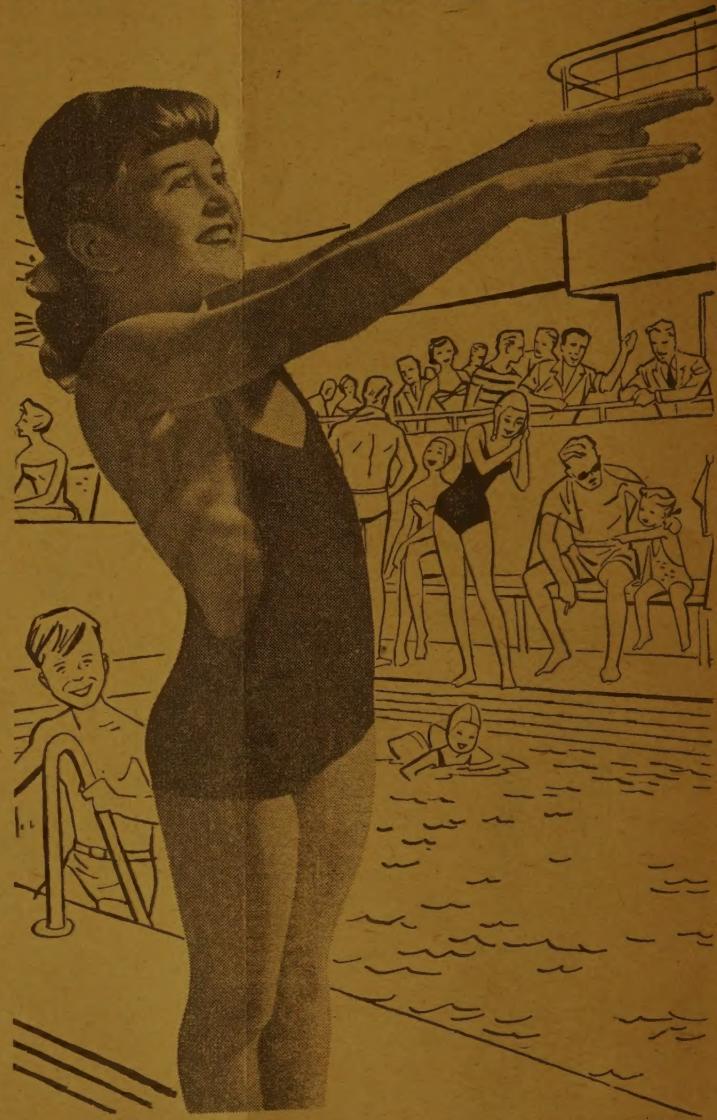
WINTER isn't what it was. There may or may not be snow and ice and arctic winds, but no wolf slinks after you with calculating eye as you go to circus, pantomime or play. And two-headed gods, if they came your way, could expect to receive no better welcome than that accorded to pennies which, by art or nature, have been similarly endowed. Yet this is to do Janus less than justice. There are many occasions when two heads are still better than one, particularly if the second 'head' is ours. And there you have the reason why so many people habitually 'talk things over with the Midland' before they take action in matters of business and finance.

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The Listener

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Vol. LVII. No. 1449

Thursday January 3 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Economic Outlook for 1957

By SIR ARNOLD PLANT

LIVING in an expanding economy can be interpreted in two different ways. It can mean the determination, both as individuals and as a people, to recognise and seize eagerly every opportunity for material improvement. In this sense the expanding economy calls for the conscious adoption of a courageous expansionist philosophy of life. We may go up or down, but at all events we shall do as well as circumstances outside our control will allow.

The second meaning is, or rather appears to be, more precise. It is to set a target of material improvement to be reached in a given time. A target can serve as a wonderful stimulus. It focuses our minds and energies on a clear objective. The snag is that the nation—the people, and the government of the day—may not have the influence and power to control the march of all the relevant events. Our own future in this country depends so much on what happens elsewhere, and there is no certainty that the rest of the world will agree with us. We have just had a sharp reminder of that fact.

Here in Great Britain, government spokesmen have recently held up the target, or at any rate have held out to us as a reasonable expectation, that our standard of life can be doubled in twenty-five years. As a steady continuous expansion (not that a steady growth was suggested) that would imply a cumulative rate of increase of about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. I do not doubt that this is feasible. I am satisfied that a careful assessment of the rate of scientific discovery, of biological and technological advance, of improvement in the health, education, and training of the people, and the quickening of transport and communications, fully support that

hope. Of course, it would involve big changes in our economic structure. We certainly would not want, twenty-five years on, simply twice as much of everything we get now: better quality, often, rather than greater quantity. To obtain such an improvement in material standards, we shall have to be, and as a people insist on being, much more adaptable in our ideas and behaviour.

That means, among other things, that the Government must overhaul drastically the taxes which stifle initiative and destroy incentive. We desperately need stable money which will encourage people to spread their spending over their whole lives. Above all, our future depends on the whole world learning to keep the peace at a lower cost in men and resources, and on other countries each contributing a fairer share of that minimum cost.

It may be asked whether one can still talk seriously about expanding our economy with the Suez Canal closed, our oil supplies cut or in jeopardy, and a large part of our shipping and trade diverted and slowed down. I believe we can. We shall do well to distinguish in our minds between the short-term irritations and inconvenience and the lasting damage to our economy. The greatest impact of the prevailing oil shortage is on road transport, and particularly on the private car-owner. In business, the annoyance has been great: but the worst is already over. The lasting damage to production is small. It is estimated that a cut of 20 per cent. in oil supplies would amount to only 2 per cent. of the total fuel supplies for British industry, and great resource has been shown in making good the deficiency in the fields of production most affected. People are getting to work. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good: the relief of road congestion and the better use of public

transport vehicles promise at least to improve the operating efficiency of the transport undertakings and road hauliers.

What of the effects on our overseas trade? So long as the Suez Canal remains closed, the delay and additional transport cost involve some loss to all the countries concerned at both the supplying and the receiving ends, but I want to refer briefly to our position *vis-à-vis* the other west European countries. So far as oil is concerned, almost all of these countries are worse hit by the prevailing shortage than Great Britain, so that our competitive position has not been worsened. But it would be a deplorable mistake to think about our trade relations with the rest of western Europe merely in terms of competitive rivalry. Our economies are largely interdependent; the prosperity of each country depends ultimately in great measure on the prosperity of the rest. The closer association which is now being planned by the countries of western

Europe offers the prospect of an expanding economy so bright as to dissipate the shadow thrown on the scene from the Middle East. The six nuclear countries will together comprise a single free-trade labour and capital market of 160,000,000 people. It is open to the United Kingdom, with due safeguards for our extra-European interests, to enter this common market. With the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, and Austria, our participation would bring another 80,000,000 people within the orbit. This country already does one fifth of all its overseas trade with the countries planning to create the European common market—and this despite the tariffs and quotas which impede commerce. If and when we participate, how much greater this trade might become! But how serious the damage to our economy will surely be if, when this new community is established, we elect to remain, alone in western Europe, shut out by the tariff wall.

—‘At Home and Abroad’ (Home Service)

Optimism in the United States

By DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent

THE outlook for the American economy for 1957 can be described once more only in superlatives or billions of dollars. A billion is 1,000-million. This is the time of year when statisticians, led by that indomitable optimist, the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Sinclair Weeks—he has not been wrong yet—examine the financial state of the Union and its future, and are pleased by what they see. Mr. Weeks himself expects 1957 to be a better year than 1956, and says that although the rate of expansion may not be so fast as it is now, it should, barring grave emergency, set new records. His views are shared by most business men and the editors of financial journals. To suggest to any of these gentlemen that perhaps something might go wrong is to be met with a loud: ‘Sir, the Government wouldn’t allow it’.

This is perhaps the basic change in American thinking. Government spending is now recognised as a major prop of the economy, and a large reason for the present prosperity. That spending accounts for more than one-seventh of the gross national product, America’s yearly output now running at \$410 billion and expected to increase next year. Two-thirds of the Budget is spent on defence, and next year that spending will be increased by another \$2 billion dollars. That, apart from a lot of weapons, means more refrigerators, more television sets, and more motor-cars for the American family, who are now paying higher prices and higher taxes than in any peace-time period, but still keeping ahead in terms of wages. Next year the Government starts a new road building programme that will eventually link every major city with super highways. ‘We intend’, said a government official, ‘to spend only one billion dollars next year on the roads, so that we can increase the figure whenever we want to, should defence spending be reduced’.

There are one or two dark clouds. The demand for new houses dropped this year because of high interest rates for borrowers. Farmers’ incomes declined, and in the Middle Western dust-bowl States whole areas would have been ruined if they had not received government loans. The President is examining this situation for himself when he flies on his projected tour of the blighted areas. But, throughout the nation, incomes have continued to rise. Unemployment, in a population of nearly 170,000,000, is only 2,000,000, and business generally plans to maintain its capital expenditure at a high level that has now become a habit. Although this is the biggest and largest capital spending boom on record, no decline is yet in sight. In 1957, plans for new factories and equipment total more than \$40,000 million—that is a change from saying ‘billion’.

The American consumer, the world’s highest paid worker, is once again expected to be the hero of the moment and the saviour of the nation’s economy, at perhaps the temporary expense of his own. He was a little lax in buying himself a 1956 motor-car, but he is already putting this right with the 1957 models, which are now selling at such a rate that the President of General Motors, who was wrong last year when he over-estimated public demand, says that he expects that sales of the new cars will go up 10 per cent. in 1957, to a total of 6,500,000:

this in spite of higher prices—reports from the motor showrooms speak of only scattered resistance to these higher prices. A Los Angeles dealer said that he had expected resistance, but added, ‘The customers don’t seem to be too shocked, perhaps because everything else is going up in price these days’.

It reminds some dealers of the buying boom of the Korean war. The fact is that Americans now own, or are paying for, more than ever before, and a keen statistician has worked out that the total worth of Americans now approaches \$1 million million—a trillion. He goes further, and takes into account 4,000,000 babies born during the last year who already appear on the sales charts as consumers of more than \$2 billion-worth of baby powder, nursery furniture, and other requirements of the very young.

There are fears here and there that the present buying boom, which has gone rollicking along for some time, may be inflationary, because of the liberal credit terms which help to make it possible. The Government has shown signs of controlling credit but in Washington, as elsewhere, one can buy almost anything without using money. The words ‘No money down’ appear in many advertisements, particularly at this time of the year when the possession of ready cash is viewed by shopkeepers almost with suspicion. Christmas presents do not have to be paid for until February or March, and now, with the New Year sales beginning, shoppers are encouraged to ‘buy that fur coat now’, or pay the first instalment in May. In May, they will be taking possession of something else to pay for later; and so on.

On the rare occasions when ready money becomes a necessity, any number of reputable finance houses, represented on television by persuasive, elderly but vigorous philanthropic gentlemen, will provide you with as much as you want, at proper rates of interest. A financial journal worked out recently that most Americans were spending, each year, 10 per cent. more than they earned. However, there appears to be no intention of stopping the present system, least of all by Business itself. ‘The full lunch pail and a chicken in every pot’—the American dream—are a reality, even though the pail, the chicken, or the pot may not yet be paid for.—‘From Our Own Correspondent’ (Home Service)

New Year’s Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. T. W. Chalmers, Controller, North Region, B.B.C. (formerly Director of Broadcasting, Nigerian Broadcasting Service), Mr. C. J. Morris, Controller, Third Programme, and Mr. E. C. Robbins, Solicitor, each of whom in the New Year’s Honours becomes a C.B.E.; to Mr. A. E. Mason, Assistant General Manager, Publications (formerly Circulation Manager, Publications), and Mr. F. B. Thornton, Publications Management (formerly North American Representative), who receive the O.B.E.; and to Mr. R. Haworth, Staff Training, Miss G. A. Leonard, Television, Mr. E. L. Lycett, Operations and Maintenance, Sound Broadcasting, and Miss E. L. Shaw, Overseas, each of whom becomes an M.B.E.

to 1957

A 'New Look' in the Middle East?

By H. S. DEIGHTON

THE suggestion often heard that the Middle East may before long wear a 'new look'—that it may soon be a different Middle East from the one to which we have grown accustomed—raises a question: what was this picture of the Middle East

it we in Britain have had in our

ends since the end of the war? And

how far was that picture in accordance

with the real facts?

When the three great war-time leaders held their first famous meeting at Teheran in 1943, they recognised that Britain had a special interest in the Middle East. It was, they seem to have agreed, properly what used to be called 'sphere of interest'. But what has been the real situation since the end of the war? It is true that the Middle East is exceedingly important to the defence of the West because of its position at the link of Nato and as the 'cross-roads of the world', and to Britain especially because of her dependence upon it for oil. But, just because it is so important, we must accept the fact that it is a long time since its defence has been purely and even principally a British affair. As long ago as 1947 the United States took over the responsibility for supporting Greece and Turkey against Russian aggression, and since then the Americans have made special arrangements with both Persia and Pakistan. Thus for the past few years the ultimate defence of the Middle East has depended, like the maintenance of an even greater British interest, the freedom of the seas, upon American strength. That is why I do not think we need take too seriously the idea of a permanent Russian penetration of the Middle East. The area has a high nuisance value for the Russians, but to occupy it they would have to fight America, and it is simply not worth their while.

So, in my view, we need not expect the dramatic events of the last few months to bring about any startling changes in that upper crust of middle eastern countries which border the Communist lands, or in the relationship between Russia and the Middle East.

But what of the rest—the 'soft core', if I may borrow a phrase from our own domestic politics—which also includes Israel? Here the



A new portent in the Middle East: a United Nations contingent taking up its positions as part of the emergency security force in Egypt

Western Powers have not in the past all wanted exactly the same thing. The United States has wanted stability and peace and quiet. Britain, too, has wanted them, but she has also wanted the security of the Suez Canal, steady supplies of oil as cheap as possible, and, I think, prestige.

In seeking these things she has given the appearance of taking sides in the internal quarrels of the Arab peoples, always badly divided about everything except Israel and outside interference. Our alliance with oil-rich, conservative Iraq and the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf played a part in our quarrel with their rival, President Nasser, who at the same time made an enemy of France by his forthright support of the Algerian rebels.

What now? Will there be a new look? So far as the realities of power are concerned, the recent crisis has done no more than uncover a fact which already existed: the safety of the Middle East is now seen to rest principally upon American shoulders. But, beyond this fact, it seems unlikely that the existence of Israel will be seriously threatened again. I think we shall get our oil flowing, although I should not like to say when. We in Europe are the only customers who want, and

can pay for, most of the oil that the Middle East produces; but this is a European, not just a British problem, and we might find it good policy to combine with our European partners in dealing with the oil producers.

There is one entirely new and hopeful factor in the situation. Whatever we think of the events which have brought them there, it is important that there are now international forces in this area, which has always presented an essentially international problem. It may be that the middle eastern peoples will accept from the United Nations that guidance and discipline which they will certainly not take from us and which is so necessary for all our sakes. If Britain and the United States were to be at last—and for the first time—agreed about the Middle East, the prospects there would not be unhopeful. And with its own forces actually on the spot, the United Nations can hardly go on being ineffective and survive. Long may those forces remain.

—From a talk in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

A Turning Point in Eastern Europe?

By HUGH SETON-WATSON

If one looks back over the events of the year in eastern Europe, from Khrushchev's attack on Stalin at the Soviet Party Congress, through the Poznan rising and Gomulka's return to power, to the Hungarian Revolution, it all seems to add up to more than just a series of dramatic events. It begins to look like a turning point, the end and the beginning of historical periods.

The destruction of the Stalin idol affected not so much material conditions as men's minds. The discontents that arose from material conditions had long been there. What was new was that people at last dared to utter their thoughts, to make demands. Naturally this happened first in the satellites, where Communist autocracy was not thirty years old but only ten, and where not only social injustices and political tyranny were involved—as they are in Russia, too—but national independence as well.

The social forces behind the Polish and Hungarian movements were exactly the same: the educated youth, the workers, and the army. The students were children of workers and peasants, brought up with fond care by the Communist regimes to be the brains of the new totalitarianism. But in both countries it was the young who started the campaign, in the press and in the streets, for the return to power of the patriots, Gomulka and Nagy. The workers joined them. The proletariat, in whose name Moscow's nominees claimed to rule, turned against its bosses. The motor-car workers of Warsaw protected Gomulka. In Budapest men arrived from the factories with arms to help the students fight the security police and the Russians. When the fighting spread in Hungary the army, too, forgot its long years of Stalinist indoctrination, and joined the workers and the students. In fact, the hold of the

(continued on page 23)

Rival Influences in Asia

By TIBOR MENDE

AFEW months ago Asia's largest industrial exhibition was held in New Delhi. The Russian and Chinese pavilions were the most spectacular: the western exhibits attracted moderate crowds, but endless streams filed past the giant statues of Lenin and Mao Tse-tung standing, as it were, on guard over the products of their respective countries. I am certainly no technician but I did not gain the impression that the Russian machines were more extraordinary than the western exhibits. As for China, what she exhibited seemed rather simple alongside the products of more industrialised countries. Still, I could sense a curious admiration and—I am tempted to say—even some undefinable sympathy on the faces of the crowds who kept on pressing into those two buildings.

For most Indians that exhibition was more than just the comparison of the machinery made by rival powers. About to launch their second five-year plan, they must have been thinking, obviously, of wider issues: of how to make that machinery for themselves; or, perhaps, of the kind of aid they had received, and hoped to receive in the future, to realise their dreams. For us westerners in the crowd there seemed to be two unspoken questions in the air: have our methods, and our attitudes, of aid been successful in south-east Asia? Has our aid been sufficiently adapted to local needs and local feelings? In other words, have not the Communists, relying on a different approach, reaped more spectacular results, even if they have provided less aid than the West?

Ten Years of Western Help

The West has been helping south-east Asia for ten years—in as many different ways. Norway, for instance, concentrates on a limited area and helps to develop fisheries in south-west India. France provides administrators and technicians to Laos and Cambodia. Germany invites hundreds of technicians and engineers to train in her factories free of charge. Then, either within or outside the United Nations, most western countries send doctors, engineers, or agricultural experts to one or other of the countries of south-east Asia. They may organise anti-malaria campaigns in northern Burma, help in the setting up of cottage-industries in Indonesia, Pakistan, or Viet-Nam; or they may train the agronomists of a given region in methods of seed selection, the rational utilisation of fertilisers, or the better planting of rice to improve output.

Great Britain, as a contributor to these aid schemes and as the largest investor in the region, occupies a special place. There are several reasons for this. Whatever transitory misunderstandings may be, she knows south-east Asia better than most other western countries, and her timely departure from India provided her with an amount of psychological capital that can still buy a great deal of goodwill. The fact that only Britain's former possessions in the area have inherited stable administrative structures and educated élites capable of making use of them provides a further basis for goodwill. Yet another circumstance that gives Britain a special role is that continued association with the Commonwealth could produce important advantages to the newly independent countries. But the most important explanation for Britain's privileged position in south-east Asia is, I think, the ready approval she has shown for planning. Faced with immense tasks, and with only modest means at their disposal, the countries of south-east Asia are forced to plan. Of all the aid-schemes devised since the war, only the Colombo Plan encouraged planning on a national scale; it even envisaged regional co-operation between the new States.

Yet it is clear that neither Great Britain nor Germany can hope to rival the United States as an exporter of capital. Knowing this, the people of south-east Asia looked towards the Americans after the war. The United States' anti-colonial tradition, its encouragement to freedom movements, and its technological dynamism, all helped to present America as a champion of the aspirations of these new countries. The United States alone in the West has adequate resources to provide these countries with aid on the scale they need. Without America, and even with the best methods, the rest of the West could hardly do much to influence the economic evolution of such a vast and populous region. Yet even American observers admit that in south-east Asia today the

United States, being the most powerful of all the Western Powers, attracts most fear and suspicion and least of the spontaneous friendship which is the necessary foundation for fruitful collaboration.

How has this come about? The most important political cause of this change of attitude is to be found in the Americans' desire to tie aid to strategic or political conditions. The West, but particularly the Americans, has been paying a disproportionate political price for questionable military advantages. Then there has been America's open penalisation of neutrality. Any reasonably educated Indian or Javanese considers that to be neutral in the world power conflict is a natural expression of his desire to guard his country's newly won independence. He has been irritated by constant reminders that he has to be grateful for the 'generous aid' of the Americans. After all, literate Indians, Burmese, or Sumatrans read in their newspapers that one Senator after the other justifies aid by the United States' economic or political interests. Why, then, be grateful?

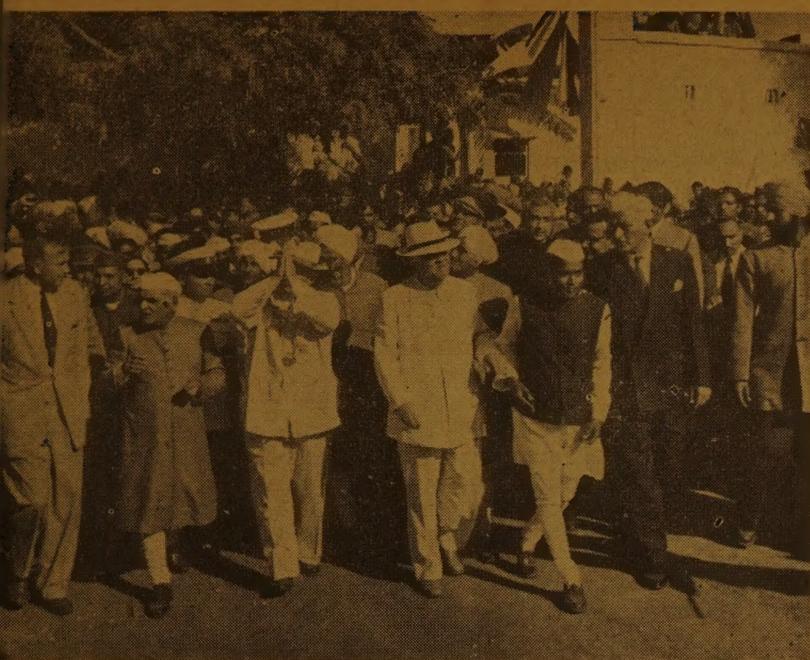
But the economic causes of this change of attitude toward the United States have been even more important. It is realised in south-east Asia that most American aid has been either for military purposes or in the form of consumer goods, and that only a small fraction has been devoted to the capital equipment which contributes most to rapid economic progress. That the recipients of the largest slice of even this kind of aid have been governments least anxious to sponsor social reforms has not improved America's popularity. But of even greater importance has been the fact that—both in technical assistance and in their private investments—Americans have favoured free enterprise to the extent that they have gained for themselves the reputation of being opposed to any attempt at serious, nation-wide economic planning. In most of the countries of south-east Asia wealth is so unequally distributed, and economic progress is so urgent, that even governments with no love for planning have to pay lip-service to it if they wish to stay in power.

But what has the other side been doing? What kind of aid have the Communist countries offered, and what kind of response have their efforts received? All in all, the aid of the Communist countries to south-east Asia amounts to only a fraction of what has come from the West. Again, until recently, the Communists—that is chiefly the Soviet Union—offered no aid in the form of gifts. They preferred straight business transactions. Even if their prices or credit conditions were politically inspired, they refrained from tying their offers to strategic or political conditions. Up to now they have not had much equipment to offer. Even now, although their deliveries have increased, they are but modest when compared with those from the West. Yet the Communist countries seem to attract a great deal more respect, interest, and even gratitude than is aroused by western aid on a far larger scale. Once again: what is the reason?

Sympathy with the U.S.S.R.

Last December I was standing in the sun in a crowd lining a Bombay street. We were waiting for the arrival of Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin. After several hours in the hot sun I turned to my neighbour and asked him if he would have stood there as patiently had President Eisenhower been expected. The gentle Indian—a teacher as it turned out later—answered spontaneously, though indirectly: 'You see, these people represent a country which, not so long ago, had similar problems to ours. They probably understand our problems better'.

I quote him merely to show that the Communist countries—the U.S.S.R. today and probably China tomorrow—benefit in south-east Asia from a psychological attitude favourable to their economic initiatives. Notwithstanding contradictions in their own actions, in their own sphere of influence, actions which shock western public opinion, they still arouse a certain curiosity and sympathy as countries which, unaided, have quickly grown, or are growing, into powerful industrial states. To that teacher, as to numberless other south-east Asians, these countries have done or are doing what they dream of their countries doing. They have raised themselves by their boot-straps; they are strong and they



The Russian leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, walking over rose petals strewn in their path during their visit to India in December, 1955

respected by the West. This feeling is fortified by that vague Asian solidarity; by a naive but understandable faith in the Communists' profession of opposition to colonialism; and, last not least, by support for their declared opposition to all forms of racial arrogance.

All this may be rather vague, and even contradicted by Russian behaviour, for instance in Hungary. But there are a number of economic aspects which give it substance. Often, Russian equipment is offered to South-west Asia more cheaply than western machines, and credit offers up to twenty years have been reported. It may be true that the Russian consumer has to pay for it, but why should the south-east Asians care? Why should they not appreciate the advantages of the offer, or even hope that the West may be spurred on to comparable efforts?

Again, there is the widespread conviction that, while the West is reluctant to help in the creation of local heavy industries, the Russians willingly supply the most modern equipment. The West, it is maintained, prefers not to create trade rivals and so, even when it agrees to build heavy industries, is unwilling to supply really up-to-date plants. Again, a considerable impression has been created by Russia's readiness to provide specialists for the exploration of natural resources without insisting on the grant of concessions. Prominent south-east Asian leaders have told me that they have had difficulties in the past in getting such help from the West without submitting to what they regard as damaging conditions. Oil is an obvious example. But there are others, too. India, for instance, wanted to investigate her diamond deposits. Great Britain's unwillingness to help, so I was told, was dictated by fear of hurting South African diamond interests. Today

Russian teams in India are prospecting for both petroleum and diamond deposits and, apparently, without conditions. The same applies to patent rights so important in modern manufacturing processes. These belong to private industry in the West, but they are owned by the state in Russia. So, while western firms are often reluctant to reveal them, the Soviet Union, so it seems, is putting them readily at the disposal of her south-east Asian clients. Moreover, the Soviet Union not only invites workers and engineers for training in Russia but also promises to teach local engineers how to design and to build industrial plant.

The question of personnel is of equal importance. Western aid schemes in south-east Asia could rely on some highly competent and devoted experts.

Yet, often, western projects have suffered from the unsuitability of individuals chosen to carry them out. There are signs that the Russians are careful to send out only highly competent experts. I know of at least one case where they have greatly impressed a country by sending out carefully trained technicians who were not only experts in their own fields but were also familiar with the psychology, the traditions, and even the language of the people among whom they were to work. Then, the majority of Russian technicians are used to modest living conditions and so can adapt themselves more easily than a western engineer to the outlook and the living conditions of their hosts. A Soviet engineer eagerly buying modest consumer goods in Delhi's or in Djakarta's shops is less removed from the daily existence of his Indian or Indonesian colleagues than the western doctor or specialist who arrives with his understandable claims for minimum comfort, and with his occasionally critical attitude toward the 'backwardness' of his new surroundings.

Russia's natural tendency to encourage centralised planning gains her additional influence. In countries where, as I have said, state planning is often a necessity, contact with a country whose administration, whose trade habits, and whose personnel have been formed in that discipline offers incontestable advantages. What is more, state trading is likely to offer a certain satisfaction to nationalists who have little difficulty in identifying slogans like 'imperialism' or 'exploitation' with the practice of free enterprise and private trade.

But no ingredient of Russia's success in south-east Asia is more important than her ability to offer long-term contracts to purchase raw materials at stable prices. The stability of south-east Asian countries depends on the export of two or three primary products. The prices of these products change often and violently, determined by distant markets. As a result of the Korean armistice, for example, Indonesia's budgetary surplus of over one milliard rupees (about £30,000,000 sterling) in 1951 was turned into a deficit of over four milliard rupees in the following year. Clearly, such fluctuations render orderly economic progress impossible. Unfortunately the West appears to underestimate the tensions generated by such uncertainties. The Russians, on the other hand, seem to be fully conscious that the ordered, long-range absorption of south-east Asian raw-material surpluses at stable prices can become the decisive instrument for their economic penetration. The example of Burma is revealing. Her prosperity largely depends on her rice exports, but Burmese progress has been arrested during the past two years because no customer could be found for it. Then came the Russians, closely followed by the delegates of the People's Democracies. They offer a steel plant and other badly-needed equipment, and accept Burma's rice in payment. Then they promise to do the same next year, and the year after.

So much for the main elements in Russia's unfolding economic drive in south-east Asia. Its outlines are clear: modern capital equipment offered at a cheap price, and on long-term credit at very low interest rates; then, a large-scale training programme for foreign technicians; and, finally, what might be termed a tremendous economic switchboard which controls the largest centrally directed trade unit in history, absorbs immense quantities of raw materials for distribution from Hanoi to

Berlin, and allocates whole industrial sectors to the equipment of underdeveloped areas in south-east Asia today—in Africa and Latin America tomorrow. It is an ambitious and closely integrated programme in which the promise of initially limitless markets for raw materials and the supply of modern equipment cannot fail to have a tremendous psychological impact on peoples whose main grievance is their economic vulnerability.

Although the Communist bloc is still far from replacing the West's economic influence in south-east Asia, the grand design is clear. Would it not be possible for the West to reconsider its attitude towards aid to south-east Asia, and for the Communist design to be met with an enlightened, a generous and a united western plan?—*Third Programme*



President Eisenhower talking with Mr. Nehru at the White House, Washington, in December, 1956

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Why Fish?

TO the uninitiated no hobby seems stranger than that of fishing. Yet this remark might apply equally well to most other hobbies. The fisherman, for his part, may wonder why bridge players sit in stuffy rooms for hours on end exercising their ability to count up to thirteen or why wealthy middle-aged men, who usually walk no farther than from their motor-cars to their offices, play golf at the weekends, tramping across muddy fields chasing a small white ball. People with such hobbies are sometime fanatics and frequently bores and yet they do like to find a rationalisation of their pursuits. In an amusing talk recently given in the Third Programme (it is printed on another page) Dr. Arthur Ransome discusses fishing diaries and shows how they exemplify the single-mindedness of their owners. They are not intended for publication; they are records of exciting moments in a fisherman's life; in them 'the writer of a fishing diary talks to himself'. And a fisherman is used to talking to himself; for, broadly, fishing is not exactly a gregarious pursuit (though there are of course clubs and communities, as on Eastbourne or Brighton piers) and among the rationale of fishing—at any rate as offered by intellectuals—is the argument that it leads to philosophic musing, punctuated, one supposes, by an occasional catch.

Sir Henry Wotton, poet, diplomatist, and courtier, justified the fisherman's love of his art, to coin a pun, on the following lines:

a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness . . .

Izaak Walton's famous book was entitled *The Compleat Angler* or *The Contemplative Man's Recreation*. In it he quoted a couplet:

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone.

Being a religious man, he reminded his readers that God spoke to a fish (the whale) and that some of Our Saviour's closest friends were fishermen. He went on to assure his readers solemnly that 'we' fishermen 'seldom take the name of God into our mouths but it is either to praise or pray to Him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations . . . we protest against it'.

Assuredly one needs to be philosophical to be a fisherman. Dr. Ransome reminds us that Kilvert wrote in his diary: 'I had not expected to catch anything and was not disappointed'. The beginner at fishing may imagine that the object of the exercise is to acquire something worth while to eat for dinner. Not so. There are fishermen in canals who, should they catch anything, throw it back. Fishermen in the Thames who land roach or gudgeon will need to laugh off a mouthful of bones if they persuade their wives to cook them for breakfast next morning. Trout and salmon fishing are more profitable, but how many can afford the time and money for that? It is the fishermen from piers, in free stretches of rivers, and in the canals who constitute the bulk of the fishing community, and for them the sport is largely for its own sake, the placid contemplation of the water, the relaxation of the mind in the open air. Incomprehensible? Maybe. 'You know, gentlemen', observed Walton, 'tis an easy thing to sniff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it'. Let those who are not fishermen look to themselves and bear that sage warning in mind.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the legacy of 1956

WESTERN COMMENTATORS, who attempted to assess the year 1956 and its legacy for 1957 saw the greatest signs of hope for the future in the rising of the human spirit against tyranny in Hungary and Poland. In a broadcast from Paris on December 28, the French Foreign Minister, M. Pineau, after referring to the 'strange' role played by the United Nations in regard to Suez, said:

Let us only regret that the United Nations and its Secretary-General should have used more tenacity and energy in this matter than over Hungary.

However, M. Pineau went on to say that though the United Nations was unable to save liberty in Hungary, the events there, coming after those in Poland, marked a turning-point in history. They had demonstrated that a generation reared in the Bolshevik school preferred to die rather than put up with a regime such as had been imposed on the Russian people for forty years. From Budapest itself, the Hungarian Association of Writers issued a declaration saying that the Soviet Union made a 'historic mistake' when it stained the Hungarian revolution with blood, and added:

We predict that the time will come when the Soviet Union will repent of its mistake.

Meanwhile, Moscow broadcasts showed particular preoccupation last week with what they described as western attempts to undermine the 'socialist' camp. *Pravda* was quoted for a comment on a party conference in Moscow where one could hear 'facts revealing serious defects in the training of students. Some sections of the Soviet study body have been subjected to unhealthy influences and alien ideas'. *Pravda* also reprinted an article in *Neues Deutschland*, about 'subversion' in eastern German universities, in which the Minister of State Security said:

The exponents of a softening-up policy . . . are concentrating their main effort on intellectual circles at universities, academies, and technical colleges. . . . It is obvious that so-called 'free' discussion, which leads to the smuggling in of alien anti-socialist ideologies, cannot and must not be tolerated.

An article in *Pravda* on Christmas Day from its Warsaw correspondent quoted an article in the Polish press complaining of 'anti-socialist' forces active in Poland. There were

unbridled expressions of bourgeois, nationalistic, anti-Soviet, and anti-Semitic ideology, and in places attempts to crush the unity of the workers' movement. Agrarianism in its right-wing form, representing the rich peasantry, is rampant in the countryside. 'Transition to the next stage, the stage of bourgeois democracy', is the common slogan of these forces.

Moreover, 'reaction' was seeking to identify 'socialism' with 'Stalinism'. A considerable section of Polish youth understood 'demagogic' pleas for a struggle against the apparatus' to be directed against the state and the party. Another Moscow broadcast quoted a report submitted to an election meeting in Poland, complaining of such Polish newspapers as *Po Prostu*, for example, which had raised the 'provocative question' of the Communist Party's dissolution. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* criticised an article in the Polish newspaper *Nowa Kultura* for advocating a struggle against Stalinism. It was wrong to speak of a 'struggle against Stalinism', which was being used by imperialists against Marxism-Leninism as such:

It must be said that Stalinism as a teaching is unknown to us. . . . Stalin left no separate teaching of his own.

Warsaw radio broadcast an article in the Polish newspaper *Glos Pracy* saying:

For the first time we amazed the world by a revolution without barricades. The man in the street says: 'We behaved like Englishmen, and we made a handsome profit'. This is not just the best way—it is the only possible way.

On Christmas Eve, Polish home stations broadcast the midnight mass and a Christmas message by Cardinal Wyszynski, who spoke of the unity of all Poles at home and abroad around the Crib of Bethlehem:

Although it is still so difficult to achieve unity in the quarrelling family of nations, it is fortunately very much easier for us to achieve internal unity. . . . It is our national fortune that we are spiritually united as children of a single universal Church. . . . We will continue to work to make Poland live a godly life . . . loyal to the Church, the Scripture and the Cross.

Did You Hear That?

THE BURNING OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

JUST OVER 100 YEARS AGO, on March 5, 1856, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden was burned down', said W. MACQUEEN-POPE in a talk in the Home Service. 'It was a disaster of the first magnitude. It was also the second time that a noble playhouse standing on that site and bearing the name of Covent Garden had gone up in flames. By 1856 it had, however, ceased to be a theatre and had become an opera house. It was under the control of Frederick Gye, who had assumed command when things were desperate under a brewer named Frederick Delafield, who bankrupted himself by opera. Gye was a man of experience and judgement who, however, had his share of bad luck. He introduced novelties and showed enterprise. He kept the ship of opera afloat. At the end of 1855 Gye, after a period of success, was in some difficulty. He was about a year and a half behind with his rent. He had gaps in his programme and so, to keep the Opera House open—and to get some ready money—he sublet it to a man called John Henry Anderson, who described himself variously as a professor, an artist in natural magic and 'The Northern Wizard'. Really, he was just a showman. He took Covent Garden for a season of ten weeks for the total sum of £2,000—and proceeded to lower its dignity but fill it with people. He presented dramas, magical entertainments, and pantomime. He opened just after Christmas, 1855.

'The whole of the press was against Anderson. Despite his publicity and his mixture of attractions he was losing money. He made even greater efforts. He announced, on March 5, "A Carnival Benefit". The programme was to include a farce called "The Great Gun Trick", an opera, "La Sonambula", the drama of "Time Tries All", and something which was billed as "A New Squib"—and called "What Does He Want?" In addition to all this there was a melodrama entitled "Gilderoy" and a pantomime, "Ye Belle Alliance, or Harlequin and the Field of the Cloth of Gold". The show was to start in the forenoon on the Monday and continue until midnight on Tuesday—probably the first introduction of continuous entertainment—and the company was to include the pick of the people at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Strand Theatres. It was to conclude on the Tuesday night with a Grand Bal Masque. Such was the last playbill ever issued by the second Covent Garden Theatre and it was in the nature of a death warrant. The performances took place, and in due course the Masque began. The place was filled with the worst kind of crowd which could be found in London. Tom Robertson—afterwards the brilliant dramatist and author of "Caste" but then a journalist—has left a description of it all. He says:

There were not twenty persons present in evening dress, the decorations would have been discreditable in a barn, the company would have disgraced a dancing saloon . . . the whole conduct of which was a disgrace to everyone connected with it. Can any of your readers who have seen this magnificent theatre filled with the first personages in the land . . . imagine the boxes filled with drunken savages, with their feet sticking over the cushions.

From eleven at night until four in the morning was this ghastly

attempt at revelry proceeded with, then the numbers began to thin but even at five a.m. there were still some 200 persons left. These, however, were so hopelessly used up that Mr. Anderson instructed the band to play "God Save the Queen" (a hint which is invariably taken even by the most drunken British audiences) and it was during the performance of this anthem that two of the firemen, engaged in conversation on the stage, observed a bright light shining through the chinks and crevices of the carpenters' shop, high overhead. They hastened upstairs and on arriving at the shop the whole danger was apparent. The place was filled with fire and smoke, heaps of charred and smouldering embers were scattered about.

'Indeed, it was a fire with a vengeance. An attempt was made to open a fire main which would have drenched the theatre with water, but the firemen were driven back by the flames. The crowd below still knew nothing about it until a blazing beam fell amongst them and told them the worst. At once there was a scene of confusion and horror.

The crowd rushed towards the exits, the gas was shut off, plunging the place into darkness, women were knocked down and trampled on. The police arrived, and acted in an exemplary manner. The fire brigades came later. The flames had now gained possession of the roof and the whole of London was lit by the blaze. With incredible velocity the fire spread throughout the building and at half past five in the morning the roof fell in.

'The extraordinary thing is that no lives were lost. Property of great value was destroyed, costumes, scenery, original scores and manuscripts—amongst them the original manuscript of "The School for Scandal".

'There was a public inquest. Some of the firemen belonging to the theatre had been on duty continuously for over forty hours. The large central chandelier, which held no less than 800 gas jets, had been burning continuously for that time too. There were fourteen barrels of methylated spirits stored on the roof—for safety. There had been complaints about a leakage of gas for some time but nothing had been done about it. In the end there was an open verdict. What did it matter? Covent Garden Opera House had been burned down'.

PORTRUSH'S FINE BRICKWORK

'A friend of mine told me recently that he had noticed what seemed to be a speciality of Portsmouth—exceptionally good brickwork', said VIVIAN OGILVIE, in 'Window on the West'. 'His remark made me brick-conscious. Wherever I have been, I have looked at buildings and walls, and the next time I was in Portsmouth I was primed to make a comparison. He was right: Portsmouth has a noticeably high standard.

'What are the qualities of good brickwork? First of all, good bricks, I suppose—of a pleasant colour and texture. Then comes the laying—regularity of alignment. Then there is the cement between the bricks: it should be even and cleanly finished off. And, finally, there are the corners, the bits above and below windows, any arches and fancy arrangements. Everywhere, neatness and regularity are of the essence of attractive brickwork.

'In all these respects I found that Portsmouth brickwork was



Scene at the fire that destroyed Covent Garden Opera House in 1856

Illustrated London News

exemplary. So I tried to find out why. Mr. Wilson, who is head of the building department at the College of Technology, arranged for me to meet two men who have been in the business for years, a builder and a trade union official. They told me that there is a long tradition of high-quality brickwork in the town. To begin with, brickmaking was a local industry. Fareham bricks, in particular, were famous. The clay on the island where Portsmouth stands and in the adjacent parts of Hampshire yielded bricks of a good tone that weathered pleasantly. In fact, some of the older buildings are of bricks actually made on the site, baked in clamps.

But there was a second factor that promoted a high standard. This was the naval establishment, which goes back to the reign of Henry VIII. The building of dockyards, barracks, houses for officers, and so forth, was carried out under supervision and—since the taxpayer had to foot the bill—without too close a regard for cost. The result was first-class work. So there grew up a pride in the craft. It even infected some of the convicts who were set to building barracks. There is a story of one who stayed on after completing his sentence, simply to finish the job he had begun. Not all the convicts were equally enthusiastic: some chimneys were afterwards found to have been built solid.

Bricklayers who came from other parts assimilated the tradition and youngsters were trained to carry it on. An outstandingly good foreman would acquire a reputation as a teacher, and to have been one of so-and-so's boys was a valuable recommendation. Sons followed their fathers, and today there are men at work whose families have been in the trade for 100 years. Certain special methods were evolved, and there is even a tool peculiar to Portsmouth. It is home-made: an ordinary kitchen knife cut and filed to a point and the tip bent up. This is used to trim the cement between the bricks. It is known as a Frenchman, and is thought to have been adopted from French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars.

NICK AND SCRAT

'In the Pendle country of Lancashire', said JESSICA LOFTHOUSE in 'The Northcountryman', 'they call the devil sometimes "Old Nick" and sometimes "Old Scrat". The Vikings brought him over, it seems. They believed in two demons, Nikkr and Scratti, and indeed they are still here lurking in the caves and potholes of the Pennines and howling in the underground depths of the Craven country.

Long ago a wise man wrote: "The devil is ten thousand years old, and growing in cunning every year". Yet in the north he met his match in quite simple souls—like the old wife by Luneside who duped him into building the Devil's Bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale. A fine job of work, and cheap at the price—the soul of a little dog, which was first to pass over. And Richmond Bridge over Swale was bought as cheaply.

There is a "contemporary portrait" of Old Nick in Kirkby Stephen church—the devil in chains, complete with horns. He has a long tail, too, and is very sensitive about it, and a club foot. You can verify this by searching for the devil's footprints on Pendle side near Sabden.

Every Clitheroe schoolboy knows how, long ago, the lads raised the devil by reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards. They had gathered in the schoolroom at midnight, they whispered the words, and sure enough, with a sound like the crack of doom, the hearthstone split across and a cloud of sulphurous smoke cleared to show them Old Nick, horns, tail, and a wide grin. "Here I stay till you ask a riddle I cannot answer and give me a task I cannot do". Fortunately, the schoolmaster arrived, took in the situation, fixed the old lad with his eye and said sternly: "Weave me a rope out of sand or get packing!" The devil called

up his imps, set them to draw Ribble sand into strands, but ropes they could not weave. Flustered and spitting venom, he finally disappeared from view.

The last "personal appearance" of Old Nick was at Hell Hole Bridge, just outside Clitheroe. This was the case of a local tailor who in a weak moment had sold his soul to the devil for three wishes:

"The first you utter when you get home". He had wished for ham and eggs—and there they were! His wife, mystified, laughed till her stays burst at what she saw, until her husband wished something were to bring her to her senses again, at which the plate of ham and eggs became impaled upon her face. And then went the last wish to undo the disastrous results of the second! Then, with the help of a hermit, he devised a plan to outwit the devil. On the day arranged for the transfer of his soul, the tailor met Old Nick, who seemed to be in a great hurry. "One more wish, be a sport", he pleaded. "Very well, but be quick about it", agreed the devil. Whereupon the tailor cried: "Then, I wish thee on the back of yon dun horse in yonder field, and away wi' thee, and never let Clitheroe clap eyes on thee again".

The tailor turned innkeeper and had a sign painted of the devil on the dun horse to keep the story green'.

GATEWAY TO CORNWALL

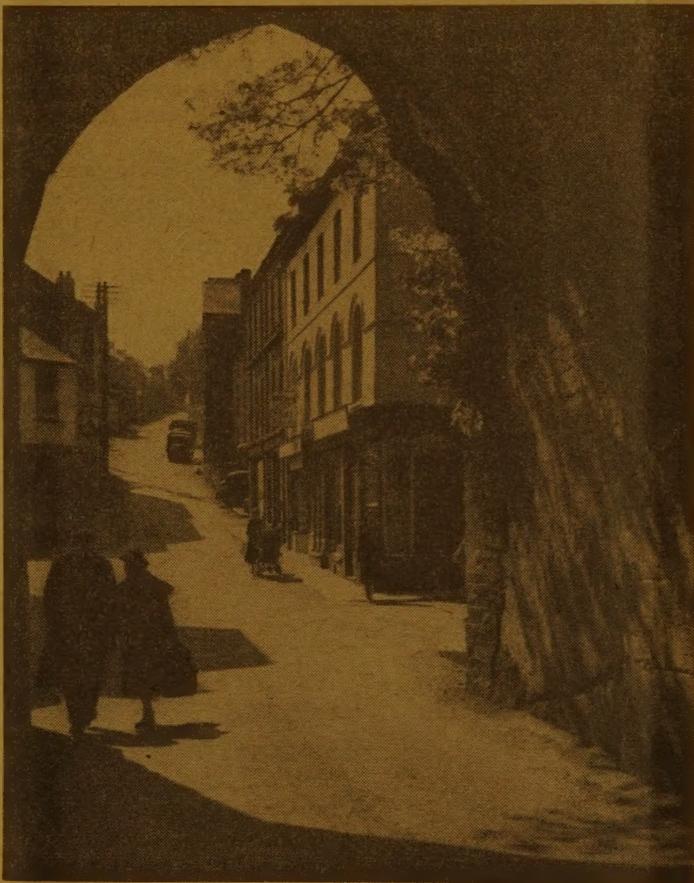
'I have never wanted to live anywhere other than Launceston', said CHARLES CAUSLEY in 'Dear to My Heart' (West of England Home Service): 'a green and Delabole slate-grey frontier town built on a hill. The guidebooks rightly call it "The Gateway to Cornwall"; and the poet John Betjeman once told me he thought it the most beautiful town in the county. It is presided over—a little absent-mindedly—by the crumbling shell of a Norman castle, pushed up in the twenty years between the Conquest and the writing of Domesday Book. Since the last war, the Castle has started to slip a bit sideways. But the Ministry of Works has had a go at it.

In one of his Cornish poems, A. L. Rowse describes Launceston as "perched on a shoulder like Liège in Belgium, over a river valley where 'the monks prayed'". It was down in this valley, in a seventeenth-century whitewashed cottage, that I was born.

Next door was a stables, where a coal merchant kept the horses for his delivery carts. Behind us loomed the gasworks, they used to say; you never caught a cold if you worked within the smell of the gas; and babies suffering from whooping cough used to be brought and held near the holder: a certain cure. About a hundred yards to the east, there was a tan-yard with a ship's bell that had been salvaged from a wreck on the north Cornish coast. And past our front door flowed a shallow stream that in high summer stank like a dead whale, and during a rainy winter often rose high enough to float one. Today, all that is changed. The horses are gone, the coal-yard is closed, the tan-yard is not worked any more, the gas is piped from Plymouth. And the County Council has done something about the river.

I hope that you know how to pronounce the name Launceston. Folks from up the country—"You know: that's up t'other side of Exeter", as a farmer, Jack Rawling, once said to me—they do not know how to pronounce it at all. They call it Launce-ston, or Launceston, or goodness knows what. And all the time, of course, it is spoken just the way it is painted on the farm carts: Lanson.

Back in the nineteen-twenties, when I first became aware of the life around me, Lanson was a microcosm not only of the West Country, but of the whole world. And after much travelling this, for me, is still true. Paris, Dublin, Seville, Tangier, Cairo, Bombay, Colombo, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia—none has been more thrilling than our old 1840 Pannier market on a Saturday night, when I was a boy'.



A view through one of the archways of the old town wall of Launceston in Cornwall

J. Allan Cash

A Matter of Conscience

IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE on some Germans who defied Hitler

OFF and on in the last twelve years, arguments have arisen about the implication of ordinary Germans in the atrocities of the Nazi regime. Some hold the great mass of Germans guilty at least of conniving in their leaders' savagery. Others argue the innocence of all but a few—because the rest did not know what was being done.

Letters from Prison

Important new evidence is now available: those who dared to face the facts did know them. It is proved by letters and notes written shortly before their death by a great variety of men and women, most of whom were executed in the last year of Hitler. The collection first appeared in Germany and is now published here*. When writing in a prison cell—often secretly, hurriedly, and with hands manacled—none had any certainty, only hope, that a letter would be smuggled out. None knew or thought that the scraps would one day be read by many. All the German prisoners were tried for high treason. Almost everyone was being whipped and beaten up. In the end they were shot, hanged, or beheaded; one was deliberately poisoned. Even the least active among them died in sad awareness that the nation whose debasement had become their burning concern despised them; and might now turn on their families.

They were a mixed bag: about fifty in all; and on the whole rather lonely people, despite close bonds with their families or a little group of friends; this applies even to the non-German resistance workers, a very few of whose letters or notes are included. Most of the Germans were mature men or women; though some were in their twenties—students for the most part. One, a farm-hand, was only seventeen. He, together with a friend, had been drafted into the S.S. at their call-up. Both refused to join that body, preferring to die rather than 'stain' their consciences 'with such deeds of horror'. 'I know', one of them wrote home, 'what the S.S. have to do'. Among the pastors, priests, monks, and nuns, some were over sixty at the time of execution; a bishop was sixty-eight, a Jesuit sixty-nine.

With regard to their social standing and occupations, too, the lay Germans varied greatly: a farm-hand and aristocrats, a factory worker and landed gentry, government employees and business men, diplomats and teachers, statesmen and poets, artists and officials of one kind or another, and also men holding fairly important posts in the army. Yet all, however different their calling, knew (as a matter of course) enough of what was going on round them to react in a way true to themselves.

Some had protested as far back as 1933 or 1934 against Hitler's 'morality', or a government that 'used the lie as a political force', and fostered, even enforced, 'political depravity'. Impelled by their conscience to speak out, they never doubted the rightness of opposing a murderous tyranny. Others, whose gentleness prompted evasive action, retreated into a privacy where, by 1943 or 1944, they had succumbed to a sense of corporate guilt. These to the end remained uncertain that even their most tenuous opposition to the vociferous multitude, the self-righteous crowd, was morally justifiable. Their arrest followed upon the failure of their more robust friends to do away with Hitler. Insulted, beaten up, tortured—for having known, however slightly, of an opposition and not informed about it—they felt that their friends' action, having failed, must have displeased the Almighty. Blind to the distinction between the passions of their *Volk* and the will of God, they died with the resignation of men atoning for their own disobedience.

The Intensity of Classical Tragedy

The last-minute letters of all those people lay bare profound differences between men, the more stark here for the sameness of the predicament. If the prosecution's cheating and rhetoric are pared away, all are seen to have died for not accepting without reservation the holiness of multitude rule. Against this similarity, the individual differences are clearly seen springing from the conscience—never identical in any two, and, under the lash of torment, becoming for some an accuser, for

others a deafening voice, for others again a still voice. In the aggregate, the end-pieces of the fifty lives attain to a human grandeur which, ensconced in a concrete national setting, acquires the intensity of universal, classical tragedy.

The random batch of condemned people shared the same physical plight and the same psychological conditions. Pain and anxiety in solitude broken only by interrogations and beatings induced them to reassess all values and practise rigorous self-examination. Many of the condemned were religious people anyway; but not all. A Norwegian resistance worker, for years a despairing agnostic, 'loosely connected with life' and inclined to ponder suicide, discovered in solitary confinement that he abjectly feared inflicted pain: but only until the memory of his devout mother, and uncontrollable prayer—to a God in whom he still could not believe—forced him to pray when he was on the point of breaking down and committing a betrayal. There followed glimmering apprehensions of the 'mystery of suffering'. And 'in a strange state of emptiness'—as he puts it—using a pin-point on thin paper, he wrote (if that is the right word) some notes which he hid under the floor-boards: now that he had become a different man, to go on living (living differently) was most important. But even more important was it to 'find God'. And 'if He exists only in conjunction with death, then I must die'. Another avowedly irreligious man, a Czech communist, left letters of a warmth, simplicity, and fortitude that reveal what treasures of spiritual peace had been granted to him before the end. This peace they all found, sooner or later.

Men with a Mission

Bereft of worldly possessions and of any sense of security even for their small children, wounded in their vanity and self-respect, stripped of every vestige of human dignity, placed outside the law, become the 'poorest' of men, they found themselves almost unbearably rich. Many speak of a new 'mission', to be undertaken should they—by some miracle—survive. *Mission* in German is not the rather pompous, almost trite affair that the English word currently suggests. It implies obedience to the promptings of conscience, promptings so strong that they foster a need to live, but to live differently. In the words of a great Lutheran pastor, deliberately killed by an overdose of strichanthin: 'every man of us looked into his soul, and found eternity'. Yes, they had a great deal in common.

Yet it is their dissimilarity that matters most. Some sequences (diaries and letters) have appeared separately and more fully before. Those publications gave a more vivid picture of the particular man. But here the deepest cumulative impression is of a rich diversity of minds and characters. Fifty men and women press on, as it were, in the same direction. Yet each starts from a point typical of his own life, and advances along a path traced for him by his own conscience. As he advances, he grows more resolute and is more clearly defined as himself. The effect is overwhelming, but it does not sadden. Some show, surprisingly enough, not only joyous courage but even lightheartedness. Take Count Moltke—an earnest man of sensitive integrity, intelligent, compassionate, and devoted to his Scottish mother and his wife and small sons. In his last two days he wrote home: 'I'm in really high spirits . . . perhaps I'm going dotty. . . . In Court I barely stopped myself from exclaiming, "Deprive me of all possessions and honours, destroy my children and my wife. Kill the body. God's truth and kingdom abide, indestructible". . . . It may be easier to die in this mood. . . . I'm so full of thanks and praise, there's no room in me for anything else'. In a more complete, German edition of his letters and notes Moltke jokes about the hearing of his case, and foresees his father, a staunch Protestant, taking him sternly to task presently—at their yonside meeting—for the prosecution's lumping him together with Jesuits and Roman prelates. Shortly after, he remarks: 'Have wept a little, not in the least sadly but in dumbfounded gratitude for the ways of the Lord'.

But for many there was, of course, no occasion for any humour. To distinguish the voice of conscience through the din of many admonitory

voices was too engrossing a task and too pressing a need. Such was the case of a German poet, silent since 1933, and married to a Jewess who had two daughters by her previous marriage to a Jew. Never imprisoned in the strict sense of the word, he saw his country become his prison, and his nation become his gaoler. The elder step-daughter had been persuaded to leave for Sweden some months before the poet's diary starts. The younger girl would not go without her mother. Every possible wire was being pulled. Frustrations alternated with hope while top-ranking Nazis were being approached. The noose tightened—the poet was to be divorced from his wife, by decree; she was to be sent to an extermination camp, and her child to some unspecified horror. They died quietly, at home, together, by choice—each having made his own decision. He writes of their last weeks with poignant restraint. For him, more than for his wife or her child, the little holocaust was an act of conscience—physical life not being the greatest treasure bestowed by God on men, and a man's wife and adopted child being given him by God to protect 'unto death'.

Another man, too, a staff officer involved in the attempt of July 1944, was driven to the brink of suicide after an interrogation. Faced in the quiet of his cell with the task of putting down in detail the activities of other conspirators and his conversations with them, he went completely to pieces, on his own showing. As he was under close observation, his attempt failed; but in his case suicide had anyway not been dictated by conscience. His account of it to his wife proves this. 'Somehow, I never looked at the incident (the slashing of his wrists) as truly related to me'.

To act scrupulously, everyone in accordance with his conscience, and to obey at every step its new demands whatever they be, was the rule that all had to follow if they were to come through the ordeal morally unscathed. The few who deeply regretted being implicated in the activities of others cannot have been listening to their conscience when they drifted into seditious talk. Like the staff officer, they had taken part in an 'incident' not 'truly' related to them. The voice they obeyed may have been that of reason or of unreason; it was not the voice of conscience.

This voice was heard most clearly, and obeyed with outstanding

tenacity, by a twenty-two-year-old cabin-boy, born in Canada of Danish parents and domiciled in Copenhagen. After exploits of great daring, implicated to the hilt in a north-European resistance group, he was caught and tortured by the Gestapo. 'Dregs of humanity', he calls them: men with a rudimentary conscience as good as dead. Early on he scribbled: 'No one who fears death is mature enough to fight for freedom'. Soon a 'strange security invaded' him, 'a numbness, a lethargy'. Two months later, when so brutally savaged under interrogation that he was carried back to his cell unconscious, he grasped how strong he had grown. Body and soul had been separated. But 'when the soul returned to the body . . . the jubilation of the whole world gathered here'. A reaction set in, of course: but he remained very calm and strong. Waiting, endlessly, became the ordeal—his Gethsemane, following his Golgotha.

After his sentence had been read out—shooting by a firing squad—he begged his sweetheart to 'mature through sorrow', to live with a 'happy smile', and never to allow his memory to hobble her. That she should live more abundantly, for the two of them, was his wish. To his mother he wrote that the abruptness of his death did not matter: he was ready, brimming over with love for the tender little things of life, yet unaccountably detached. Never regretting the path he had followed, he saw the incidents of his life throng round him, falling into place. All his thoughts, right away back, acquired a new significance. Many of the others also remarked on the radiant new beauty of the vulnerable, concrete little things when death draws very near. But in a cabin-boy, barely of age, such maturity is staggering.

Thousands of letters and notes must have been written by victims of the Gestapo and gone astray. Only a few have been preserved and collected. Throughout, the element of chance was to the fore.

A question arises: If many men and women accepted unwavering obedience to the voice of conscience for years, while active, and not shortly before death, would chaos follow—the anarchy of a militant individualism run riot? Apparently not: because of the accompanying new humility—before God, of course, but also before those men who are, or may be, acting under the spur of their own conscience.

—Home Service

On Fishing Diaries

By ARTHUR RANSOME

AHUNDRED years ago, Nathaniel Hawthorne, staying at the Swan at Newby Bridge, wrote in his journal: 'It is remarkable what a natural interest everybody feels in fishing. An angler from the bridge immediately attracts a group to watch his luck'. That was so in 1855. If is so today at that same place, of which Hawthorne paints a charming picture:

Young ladies in broad-brimmed hats stroll about or row on the river in the light shallows, of which there are abundance: sportsmen sit on the benches under the windows of the hotel arranging their fishing tackle; phaetons and post-chaises with postillions in scarlet jackets and white breeches, with one high-topped boot and the other leathered far up on the leg to guard against friction between the horses, dash up to the door. Morning and night comes the stagecoach and we inspect the outside passengers, almost face to face with us, from our parlour windows, up one flight of stairs. Little boys and Julian among them spend hours fishing in the clear shallow river. I cannot answer for the other boys, but Julian catches nothing.

There is mention of fishing in many a diary chiefly concerned with other things, and, thanks to that natural interest of which Hawthorne speaks, a man need not be a fisherman to feel that the pages that refer to fishing are slightly more luminous than the rest and that in them the diarist and his subjects come more vividly to life. Fifty years before Hawthorne watched the fishermen at Newby Bridge, Dorothy Wordsworth was keeping her Journals, and my heart leaps up when she records that William caught a pike of seven and a half pounds, and a fortnight later one of four and a half. On another day brother and



sister were fishing together: 'We caught nothing and it was extremely cold'. We come almost face to face with William when we hear of his setting trimmers for pike (there is reason to fear from the context that he was immorally baiting them with small trout). He comes very near indeed when she tells us that she had meant to go fishing with him on the lake but met him coming away with an empty creel. He had had several bites but, he told her, 'his lines would not stand the pulling'. We know very well what had happened: he had forgotten to dry them on coming home from fishing a few days before; probably writing some poem or other.

Kilvert, who kept his diary in the eighteenth-seventies, was less of a fisherman than Wordsworth. Of a day's perch-fishing he says: 'I had not expected to catch anything and was not disappointed'. But, a fisherman's son, he had an eye for water. At Llangollen he notices the quiet stream and pools below the fall, dark under the trees opposite and dimpling with the rises of innumerable fish. My father took fancy to throw a fly, so I got a rod for him from the billiard-marker (at the Hand Hotel) and he fished till supper-time.

This must have been one of those exasperating evening rises for I think he would have told his diary if his father had caught any of those fish. There is no mistaking his pleasure when on another occasion he and his father and a farmer walked down to a meeting of two streams:

Some willows grew here, and there was a likely hole with deep smooth water under a bush sheltered by a sudden curve in the bank. Out came two trout. From the next pool four trout came out fast one after another. 'Well done, well done!' cried the good farmer with



'Angling': a vignette by Thomas Bewick (1753-1828)

delight, clapping my father on the back. 'I've never seen better work than that!'

And here is Parson Kilvert on Mrs. Nicholl, a fisherwoman who deserves to be remembered:

'Henry', called Mrs. Nicholl's voice faintly down the river. 'She has got a good fish', said Crichton, winding up his line after looking at her a moment. We scrambled over the rocks to her, but she had landed her fish before we reached her. She was coolly wading with her ordinary lady's boots on. March water is cold. . . . She does not care what she does. Crichton hooked a salmon the other day and his boy was clumsy in landing it, so Mrs. Nicholl plunged into the water on the edge of a deep hole, embraced the great fish round the body, and carried him out in her arms.

There are many other diaries that mention fishing. In the year 1600 the pious Lady Margaret Hoby noted in her diary that she went a-fishing in the Yorkshire Derwent, between her public and her private prayers. There is Parson Woodforde of Norfolk who, fishing with a grasshopper in 1786, caught a brace of trout, each one and a quarter pounds, found a thirteen-pound pike 'prodigious fine eating', and stirs our hearts by telling us that on a visit to London in 1793 he spent nine shillings buying hooks and lines in a shop near Temple Bar. But though these diaries mention the catching of fish, they are not fishing diaries. Even Hawthorne, though he did, when at home in America, fish the little sluggish stream that was 'too lazy to keep itself clean', was more interested in the bustle at the Swan than in the actual fishing that went on under his windows. He observes not fishing but human nature. Dorothy Wordsworth writes of her brother's fishing much as a mother might write of her little boy, concerned chiefly for his happiness. Almost, one might call such diaries frivolous.

Fishing diaries are altogether different. They are single-minded. For their writers while fishing or while writing of their fishing nothing else matters. Their view of life is that of an old friend whom I met by the river not long after his retirement from the post of caretaker in some public building. I asked him how he was doing, and he said, 'Pretty well. . . . I've been retired seventy-five days and I've fished seventy-four of them'. Fishing diaries proper are like sundials that tell only the sunlit hours. It is not that they record only successful days. It is that they record

only those days on which the diarist has fished. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why so few of them have been published. A fisherman dies. It does not occur to his heirs that anybody will be interested in the old notebooks in which he set down what happened on the days that he stole from what they think was the more important business of his life. The notebooks, perhaps already not easily legible, are bundled into the fire along with sticky lines and rotting casts and dusty envelopes of once valued feathers that seem to the legatees to be mere pasturage for moths. Fishermen like nothing better than reading fishing diaries, but it is easy to understand why publishers shiver at the thought of printing them.

Nor does that really matter. A fishing diary will never find a better reader than the man who wrote it. For him it is no book but a part of his fishing, almost as important as his tackle. In its simplest form it may be, I suppose, no more than notches on a stick. But the fisherman soon becomes more interested in size than in numbers. His diary then becomes useful in checking the elasticity of fish. It is a scientific fact that a fish for some hours after being taken from the water loses weight. It is a fact of human psychology that thereafter the fish makes up what he has lost and begins to expand. Let the most honest fisherman in the world throw his mind back to what he remembers as his most successful day, five, ten, or twenty years ago, ask himself exactly what he caught, write down his answer, and only then turn up his old diary to see what he wrote the moment he came home from the river. I think the result will astonish him. It has often astonished me. Give a fish a chance and he will grow. The only way to keep him within bounds is to write his weight down at once before his *post-mortem* expansion has begun. No doubt your diary will then be the friend who spoils your best story by reminding you of the facts. You should be grateful. It is only non-fishermen who make jokes about the fisherman's inability to tell the truth. It is nothing to laugh about. Fishermen know that it is hardly worth while to explain to these heathen that in matters of fishing nothing but the truth, the exact truth, is of the slightest interest. Add an ounce to the weight or an inch to the length of a fish and you may as well add a ton or a mile. You have let him escape from real life into space fiction or fourth-dimensional romance. You can no longer reason about him, take him seriously, or compare him with other fish. You might just as well never have caught him.

At the same time, a merely statistical diary can ruin a man's fishing altogether. It may turn a man into what I have heard described as a 'slab fisherman', a man whose mind's eye is for ever on the fishmonger's slab. Statistics become too important to him. If he catches a dozen salmon in one year he must catch thirteen in the next or feel himself defeated. It becomes more difficult for him to believe that a blank day may be a good one. It will not be a good one for him. Most fishermen forget their blank days readily enough. Not so the slab fisherman. At the end even of a good day he is not happy until he is sure that nobody else has done better.

A fishing diary, properly kept, is of prime service in making a man a better fisherman. He wants his notes to be as accurate as possible, so that he can reason from them. But accuracy is not merely an affair of figures. Do not, if you are beginning a fishing diary, buy one of those handsome books with ruled spaces for dates, names of places, numbers of fish, weights and remarks. If you are young you are likely to be given one of these books by some kindly relative who thinks that your fishing should be encouraged. Give the book away at once. A diary in so strait a waistcoat is a diary born dead. The space for remarks is never big enough. A fishing diary should be of generous size, of white paper, not ruled or lined in any way. Plain white paper encourages the



'A Party Angling': mezzotint after a painting by George Morland (1763-1804)

drawing of pictures and diagrams. It should keep open house and welcome whatever its owner feels like putting in it. Who can tell what scribbled phrase or scrap of heather may, twenty years later, be an 'Open Sesame' into the past. It will be a pleasure, years afterwards, to find the actual fly that caught a fish stuck in beside the record of the capture. The diarist will be grateful to himself if his diary notes such points as the direction and strength of the wind, and barometer readings before and after his fishing. He will find a marked difference between fishing days when the barometer is falling and those upon which the barometer is going up, and this alone will send him forth with happy confidence on some days and steeled for defiance on others.

Marking the Spot

Another pleasant, useful practice is that of making simple maps of the pools in a river, marking with a picture of an angler (prehistoric style) the place from which to begin fishing, and, still more important, marking with a red cross each place where a fish took hold. This would be tedious with trout, but it is useful with pike and invaluable with salmon, whose 'taking places' can hardly be divined without experience. I have seen one such diary in which this practice, persisted in through many years, has made the taking places on those maps scarlet with hope. The man who drew those maps is dead but his maps speak for him as once they spoke to him and he shares in the catching of many a fish today.

Many of the best books about fishing have been based on their writers' diaries. Indeed, I find it hard to believe that a fisherman who has not kept a diary can ever write a good book for other people. But his diary must in the first place have been written for himself alone. J. W. Hills, great fisherman and public servant, author of *A Summer on the Test* and other first-rate books, wrote of his old Yorkshire diaries:

I have kept them just as they were written, they were intended for my use only. No one has ever read them and they were certainly never meant to be published. This is their merit. I do not now agree with much that they contain, but I have not altered anything.

He quotes an early entry written after fishing at Bell Busk:

Out of 32 chances I only landed 13 fish and of these only 4 were takeable. I attribute this appalling record partly to the fact that I had to fish downstream; partly to my slowness in striking; for the fish were very quick and I am always a slow striker, particularly on the first day's fishing; but partly also to the fact that they came short.

Commenting many years later, he wrote:

There it is, there is the whole story. I fished downstream and I was clumsy. My hand was not in. Writing now, I do not believe that they came short. I believe that the shortcoming was mine. I know it was.

That is a perfect example of the keeper of a fishing diary, talking things over with his own much younger self. I cannot resist quoting Hills again, when, turning over the pages of *My Sporting Life*, I find him fishing at Driffield and confessing: 'Though a fish rose regularly off the haystacks, he was too crafty for me'. All who have fished Driffield Beck will know those haystacks and that fish. In the same way it is a pleasure for those who fish the Test today to read in Durnford's diary that in 1812 he was catching fish on Caperers and Sedges, even if they do have to forgive him for using a cross-line on that sacred stream.

'I Ate Minnow'

Of all the fishing diaries I have read (and I read greedily every one I am allowed to) I think the best, partly because it is the longest, is that of the Very Reverend Patrick Murray Smythe, who was born in 1860 and began his diary in 1872, as a small boy, with the capture of sixteen sticklebacks and a minnow. ('I ate minnow.') He kept up his diary and his gusto all through a hardworking life, making his last entry in 1935, only a fortnight before he died. He entered in it every fish he ever caught, including those he put back and, without intending it, drew for those who look over his shoulder a most endearing portrait of himself. He ate his minnow in 1872. Sixteen years later, he was fishing with a friend and had caught two good grayling when the friend with the last cast of the day hooked a salmon. They were already late.

We had to put up our rods and run best pace to the station where we were just in time to be flung breathless and perspiring, waders, fish and all, into the train. I don't know that I was ever dirtier or happier. He was fifty-two when, after a day's fishing with a keeper, he sadly confessed to his diary:

I rose a fish beautifully. He came up just below me, and I saw him and jobbed the fly clean out of his mouth. 'It was all my fault, Macdonald', I cried in my agony of soul. 'Deed it was', he replied.

There are eighteen big, delightful volumes of that diary. It will never be printed in full, though everybody who has read the single volume of selections from it must wish it could be.

The question of publication is important to those who want to read other people's fishing diaries. It should have no importance whatever for the man who sets out to write one for himself. He should remember the three lines from an old song that Sir Walter Scott copied on the fly-leaf of his Journal. They might well be copied on the fly-leaf of every fishing diary. . . .

As I walked by myself
I talked to myself,

And thus myself said to me.

That is the point. The writer of a fishing diary talks to himself. Nobody else's fishing diary, however good, can be to a man what his own can be, however bad. The writer of a fishing diary should not be concerned with you or me. He is writing a letter to himself when old. He is teaching himself to fish as no one else can teach him. He is preserving his happiest days in a clearer aspic than memory. Fine writing is unnecessary. Romilly Fedden, in *Golden Days*, a charming book about his fishing in Brittany, shows how a single careless sentence in an old diary can bring alive the wind, colour, sunlight, and shadow of a whole landscape for the man who wrote it. Filling up his diary day by day, the fisherman can argue with himself, and contradict himself as often as he likes and to his own great profit. His diary helps him to savour his fishing, to relish it, to realise it, to make it truly his own. It enhances his consciousness of what he does and thinks and feels at the riverside. It is of value to him on the day when he begins it and with every day its value will increase. It ripens with age. It lets him wander to and fro in time and enjoy his fishing over and over again. It cannot be too long. Next to honesty, the most valuable quality in the writer of a fishing diary is persistence. The best advice that can be given to him is to begin, like Provost Smythe, with 'I ate minnow' and to live, as nearly as possible, for ever.—*Third Programme*

Die Lorelei

An antique story comes to me
And fills me with anxiety,
I wonder why I fear so much
What surely has no modern touch?

It is of Germany it speaks,
One evening time; the mountain peaks
Are in the sun, but the old Rhine
Flows secretly and does not shine.

There, on a rock majestic,
A girl with smile equivocal,
Painted, young and damned and fair,
Sits and combs her yellow hair.

With a yellow comb she combs it,
Sings a song, and sometimes moans it,
That has a most peculiar turn,
It makes the heart and belly burn.

The sailor sailing, hearing it
Falls at once into a fit,
He does not see the rocky race,
His eyes are looking for a face.

The boat strikes hard, as she must do,
And down she goes, and he goes too.
This story brings me so much grief
I know not how to find relief.

Lurks there some meaning underneath?

STEVIE SMITH

Faith and the Mind—I

The Night Battle

The first of two talks on John Henry Newman by J. M. CAMERON

ALL his life, John Henry Newman was concerned with how one ought to speak of knowing and believing, reason and faith. As a young don in Oxford, as Vicar of St. Mary's and leader of the Tractarians, in his old age, he returned again and again to this question: How—and how far—is Christian faith to be justified intellectually? This is still a living question, and Newman's way of handling the question is perhaps of special interest to us today. By this I mean that he felt with passion some among the difficulties that press hard upon us too, in an intellectual climate formed by positivism and by the logical empiricism of the philosophical schools. It is as though he saw beyond the pre-occupations of his own day to the problems of the coming age, just as, in different ways, Kierkegaard did, and Dostoevsky.

In what I have to say about Newman's ideas I shall keep to the Anglican period and I shall draw my illustrations from the *University Sermons*. The first of these was preached in 1826, when he was a young man in his twenties; its title, 'The Philosophical Temper first Enjoined by the Gospel', seems a faint echo of the Age of Reason. The last, preached in 1843 when the mutterings of the impending earthquake are already to be heard, is entitled 'The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine', and is perhaps rather a foreshadowing of the age of Darwin.

First, let me say something about his method. It is useless to look in his work for the precisions of another kind of theology. His approach is biblical and patristic, not scholastic. His language is that of the ordinary educated persons of his day. He does employ terms which have a quasi-technical use in philosophy; but these—terms such as 'the moral sense', 'moral perceptions', 'the passions', 'nature', 'the heart'—are drawn from the tradition of British empiricism. They had become so much a part of educated speech that it is a nice question whether they ought to be considered technical terms at all.

Newman is very self-conscious about language and has a severe view of its functions. 'Moral truth' (by which he means truth in religion as well as in morals), he argues, 'cannot be adequately explained and defended in words at all':

Its views and human language are incommensurable, for, after all, what is language but an artificial system adapted for particular purposes, which have been determined by our wants? And here, even at first sight, can we imagine that it has been framed with a view to ideas so refined, so foreign to the whole course of the world, as those which (as Scripture expresses it) 'no man can learn', but the select remnant who are 'redeemed from the earth', and in whose mouth 'is found no guile'? Nor is it this heavenly language alone which is without its intellectual counterpart. Moral character in itself, whether good or bad, as exhibited in thought and conduct, surely cannot be duly represented in words. We may, indeed, by an effort, reduce it in a certain degree to this arbitrary medium; but in its combined dimensions it is as

impossible to write and read a man . . . as to give literal depth to a painted tablet.

Language, then, for Newman is a set of tools well enough adapted to the furthering of particular practical or even speculative purposes, but compelled to strain itself to breaking point when it attempts to speak of God or the soul or faith. Language is framed to deal with our ordinary commerce with the world of things and persons, not with the subject-matter of theology. It is the tragedy of the vocation of the theologian—or the philosopher—that he must proceed by way of analysis and definition; but the nature of language is such that every comment he makes is an oblique one, every description a travesty, every definition a mutilation. Emphatically Newman does not suffer from what a modern philosopher has called a 'clarity neurosis', nor does he think that everything that can be said can be said clearly. He does not even hesitate to say—and this in a period when the words of the Authorised Version of the Bible were superstitiously venerated—that 'even the words of inspired Scripture (are) imperfect and defective . . . in consequence of the medium it uses and the beings it addresses. It uses human language, and it addresses man; and neither can man compass, nor can his hundred tongues utter, the mysteries of the spiritual world, and God's dealings in this'.

There is no doubt a certain amount of confusion in some of this. Newman has the view of language as a set of tools the functions of which are determined by needs arising out of the way of life of those who use the language, and this view is close to that elaborated by Wittgenstein in his later work. But he does not face all the implications of this view of language and is inclined to think it a defect of language that it is unable to give a complete and detailed picture of this is like thinking it a defect in a painter of landscapes that he does not deceive us into trying to walk into his landscapes. All the same, there is a kind of sense in saying that we strive to communicate more than can be said and that in the sphere of faith we feel with peculiar poignancy the burdens imposed upon us by the ordinary functions of language when we strain this language for the purposes of another kind of discourse.

Nevertheless, Newman thought one could do a good deal with words. In particular, he thought it was possible to make clear the distinction between Christianity as he understood it and what he took to be its chief intellectual rivals, rationalism and scepticism. Indeed, he thought that in a way one could not argue for Christianity: one could only make it clear what Christianity was and in what ways it differed from its rivals for men's attention; and then leave the issue to Divine Grace and human freedom. There is a remarkable passage in the ninth of the *University Sermons*:

Half the controversies in the world are verbal ones; and, could they be brought to a plain issue, they would be brought to a prompt termina-



Bust of Cardinal Newman in the President's garden of Trinity College, Oxford, where Newman was an undergraduate from 1817 to 1820

tion. Parties engaged in them would then perceive, either that in substance they agreed together, or that their difference was one of first principles. This is the great object to be aimed at in the present age, though confessedly a very arduous one. We need not dispute, we need not prove—we need but define. At all events, let us, if we can, do this first of all; and then see who are left for us to dispute with, what is left for us to prove. Controversy, at least in this age, does not lie between the hosts of heaven, Michael and his Angels on the one side, and the powers of evil on the other; but it is a sort of night battle, where each fights for himself, and friend and foe stand together. When men understand what each other mean, they see, for the most part, that controversy is either superfluous or hopeless.

It is impossible not to be reminded of the concluding lines of Matthew Arnold's poem, 'Dover Beach'. Arnold, you will remember, writes that

the world which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

It is possible that there is in Arnold's poem a reminiscence of the passage from Newman's sermon: we know he was a student and admirer of Newman. However this may be, there is a kinship of mood between the two passages. Both feel the intellectual pressures of the age as a kind of agony. Newman is singular among the men of faith of this period in so feeling. But it is precisely here that he awakens our sympathy and understanding. For us he is a living figure where so many of his contemporaries—Keble and Pusey, Faber and Ward—are inconceivably remote, thin as ghosts.

The Challenge of Scepticism

Newman knew well that the most serious challenge to the Christian is not that of a rival religion, not even so elegant and economical a religion as the Deism touched with Christian feeling which was the staple of so many Broad Church divines when he was a young man; the serious challenge is that of scepticism. He had a lively appreciation of Hume's arguments, and he knew that the arguments with which many Christians met the attacks of the sceptic—arguments drawn for the most part from the writings of such rationalistic theologians as Paley—were in practice ineffective and (he suspected) contained hidden sophistries. For example, he speaks of the 'proofs' and 'evidences' employed in these arguments as

satisfying, indeed, the liberal curiosity of the mind, and giving scope for a devotional temper to admire the manifold wisdom of God, but doing comparatively little towards keeping men from infidelity, or turning them to a religious life. The same remark applies to such works on Natural Theology as treat of the marks of design in the creation, which are beautiful and interesting to the believer in a God; but, where men have not already recognised God's voice within them, ineffective, and this moreover possibly from some unsoundness in the intellectual basis of the argument.

If this kind of apologetic is ineffective and logically unsound, we are not however to conclude that reason gives sentence for scepticism in religious matters. Newman commonly uses 'reason' in the sense given to it in his own day, that is, as the faculty employed in formal reasoning of a mathematical and logical kind and in scientific and historical investigation. Such investigation employs 'certain scientific rules and fixed standards for weighing testimony, and examining facts'. It presupposes a public world all the features of which can be sufficiently described by means of a commonly understood language:

Nothing can be urged or made to tell, but what all feel, all comprehend, all can put into words . . . only such reasons are in point as can be exhibited in simple propositions; the multiform and intricate assemblage of considerations which really lead to judgement and action, must be attenuated or mutilated into a major and a minor premiss.

Faith, Newman argues, goes far beyond what can be shown by reason to the common satisfaction. It rests upon what he calls an antecedent judgement or presumption, that is, we approach (for instance) historical evidence with some notion already in our minds as to what we expect and hope for. To take one of Newman's favourite examples: If there is God and if man is estranged from Him, there will very likely be a means of salvation; here is what claims to be a means of salvation; the man of faith will then run forward with eagerness and without suspicion to embrace this means and will be satisfied with evidences that, judged

by the standards of historical or scientific investigation, are slender and incomplete.

But if faith goes beyond reason (in this sense of reason), so, equally, Newman argues, does scepticism:

As Faith may be viewed as opposed to Reason, in the popular sense of the latter word, it must not be overlooked that Unbelief is opposed to Reason also. Unbelief, indeed, considers itself especially rational, or critical of evidence; but it criticises the evidence of Religion, only because it does not like it, and really goes upon presumptions and prejudices as much as Faith does, only presumptions of an opposite nature. . . . It considers a religious system so improbable, that it will not listen to the evidence of it; or, if it listens, it employs itself in doing what a believer could do, if he chose, quite as well, what he is quite as well aware can be done; *viz.*, in showing that the evidence might be more complete and unexceptionable than it is. On this account it is that unbelievers call themselves rational; not because they decide by evidence, but because, after they had [sic] made their decision, they merely occupy themselves in sifting it. This surely is quite plain, even in the case of Hume, who first asks, 'What have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses', in favour of certain alleged miracles he mentions, 'but the absolute impossibility or miraculous nature of the events which they relate? And this surely', he adds, 'in the eyes of all reasonable people, will alone be regarded as a sufficient refutation'; that is, the antecedent improbability is a sufficient refutation of the evidence. And next, he scoffingly observes, that 'our most holy Religion is founded on Faith, not on Reason'; and that 'mere Reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity'. As if his infidelity were 'founded on Reason', in any more exact sense; or presumptions on the side of Faith could not have, and presumptions on the side of unbelief might have, the nature of proof.

We may put Newman's point in this way. Unbelief and faith are, logically speaking, counterparts one of the other. If this is so, we must then ask, if both believer and sceptic view evidence in the light of an antecedent presumption, what could be a respectable reason for choosing one of these positions rather than the other? Perhaps whether we are believers or unbelievers is a matter of temperament about which there is no more arguing than there is about questions of taste. Perhaps the only thing to do, if we feel compelled to choose, is to bet, as Pascal had urged long before. Newman does in fact come very close indeed to Pascal in one of the *Parochial Sermons* when he says: 'If it is but slightly probable that rejection of the Gospel will involve [a man's] eternal ruin, it is safest and wisest to act as if it were certain'.

Newman's dialectic may have confused the sceptic. But has it not intensified the darkness of the night battle? If belief and unbelief are indistinguishable from the standpoint of logic, how are we to distinguish between friend and foe? Newman was well aware of all these difficulties and thought he saw how to meet them. I shall discuss some of the things he has to say in my next talk.—*Third Programme*

Swedish Exercises

III: Gymnasium

The snowboots and the skis, the fur-lined hoods
That populate the coat-racks by the classroom door
Prepare me for an audience whose moods
Are those of warm relief and cold anxiety.
They have escaped the sharpness of the world outside.
Soon they must penetrate once more
The cruel street of ice, begin the homeward ride,
The battle with the snow, the wind's perplexity.

But for the moment all is warmth and light.
Pale-golden faces smile and laugh for me,
Their lips are pale, their perfect eyes are bright.
These boys are men with voices like the sea's.
Under the fragile desks their limbs are large,
Their laughter springs from huge
Good-nature that no winter night can freeze.
They are the giants of the forests that are men
Where legendary heroes lift their blond and massive heads again.
In their enormous hands a book
Tenderly flutters like captive birds,
And in their northern calmness is a generous look
Of level passion, stronger than any words.

JAMES KIRKUP

Wales and Mountaineering

By CHARLES EVANS

WALES is a land made of the remains of some of the oldest mountains in the world; and they, and the sea, form the setting of much of the life of our farms and villages; they fill our poetry with images, and they occupy such a place in our hearts that after a stay in a flat country, the first sight of any range of hills, no matter what they are, is like a homecoming. In that sense, we in Wales are all mountaineers; but it was of mountaineers in another sense that I was thinking when I chose 'Wales and Mountaineering' as the subject of this talk. As well as the mountaineer, the inhabitant of the hills, there is the mountaineer, the climber of hills, and he is usually, almost invariably, not an inhabitant but a visitor. He longs for what the inhabitant of the hills, sometimes without realising it, has at his door, and he comes in search of what we may call 'The Wilds'—close contact with a comparatively raw part of the universe, intimate knowledge of it, pleasure in its beauty, and pleasure in the satisfaction of a struggle with natural forces.

The Welsh are not the only mountain folk who have let others show them what an exhilarating sport exploring and climbing their hills can be: the Swiss, in the last century, waited for the English to exploit the possibilities of their mountains; and Sherpas, who live at the foot of the greatest mountains of all, have still not come to look on the snows as anything but remote and barren, inhabited, it may be, by gods and spirits, of practical use only because for some odd reason certain queer westerners



Mountaineers on Cader Idris in 1897

Abraham, Keswick

want to climb them, and so provide a livelihood for those who are brave and strong and skilful enough to take advantage of the opportunity. As a matter of fact we are a bit like that in Wales: I was once teasing a Welsh inn-keeper, who had been carrying on about the folly of climbing and risking your neck, and I said, 'Well, where would you be if there were no climbers—you'd have no one at all staying here'. His answer, right off the reel, was: 'Wherever there's fools, man, you'll find somebody making a living out of them'.

Our mountains were first used as practice ground for more serious climbing in the second half of the last century, by those famous climbers who pioneered in summer-time in the Alps; but it has to be admitted that most of these climbers did not think much of Wales as a climbing ground, and the great Welsh climber Owen Glynne Jones usually preferred to go to the Lakes for his climbing, and only occasionally visited Snowdon, and Cader Idris, and the Ogwen Valley.

But though they might not think much of Welsh summer climbing, these pioneers realised at once that fine winter climbing was to be found there, and they became regular visitors; as early as 1870 a kind of climbing club was founded, a group of friends, regular visitors, who called themselves 'The Society of Welsh Rabbits', and the visitors of that period included such famous names in climbing as A. W. Moore, Dent, Horace Walker, Haskett Smith, and Charles Edward Matthews, once President of the Alpine Club, and first President of the Climber's Club.

Later, when exploration moved from the Alps to the Himalaya, the tradition was not lost; and of those who took part in the various Everest expeditions from 1921 to 1953, not less than twenty-six belonged to the Climber's Club, whose huts and centre of interest have always been round Snowdon. Mallory came regularly to the Welsh mountains, and it was he who christened the Western Cwm; Irvine, his companion in 1924, made, so I have been told, his first traverse of the Glyders by the Devil's Kitchen track at the age of four. In 1952, before going to Everest, the members of the expedition tried out much of their equipment in Caernarvonshire; and after the return of the expedition it is on record that one day a walker coming down the Pyg track accosted a tall man with an umbrella who was heading up Snowdon wearing only a shirt, shorts, and gym shoes, and gave him a lecture on the dangers of inexperienced people climbing our mountains not properly dressed. It was Edmund Hillary.

The early climbers, the 'Welsh Rabbits', came regularly, and once



In training for the conquest of Everest: two members of Sir John Hunt's expedition on a rock face on Tryfan, North Wales, in January 1953

or twice they brought with them the Swiss guides who were their friends and trusted companions in the Alps. There is a well-known story of one of these, Melchior Anderegg, who was being taken up Snowdon, by way of Crib Goch, by C. E. Matthews; they had, on a day when the tops were all under snow, reached the top of Crib Goch, when Matthews pointed out to the guide the summit of Snowdon, only an hour's scramble away, and was told: 'We cannot reach it in less than six hours; we must turn back', so much was the guide deceived by the hazy atmosphere and by the look of the mountains in winter. I remembered this story last year when I brought two Sherpas to Wales to show them round, and I asked one of them, Dawa Tensing, as we stood down by the river Glaslyn, with Snowdon in sight, how many camps he thought we should need to reach the top: the joke was on me when he said, 'Oh, don't worry—we'll be back for tea'.

It was not long after this that I arranged to meet the two Sherpas on one of the ridges of Snowdon in order to take them to the summit. At the rendezvous it was misty and there was no sign of the two of them till half an hour after the appointed time, when they strolled unconcerned out of the mist. I said: 'Thank goodness you've turned up; now we'll take you up our highest peak, Snowdon; and by the way, where've you been this last half hour?' Dawa said, 'Oh we came here but we got tired of waiting, and to pass the time we just went along this ridge to a funny little peak with a kind of hotel on it, and a railway'.

Yes, there is no denying that our mountains are small, and it is evident that many non-climbers find it hard to understand how it is that mountaineers can be so enthusiastic about small hills. But those who have come under the spell of mountain country know that actual size is about the least important of the things that give character to a mountain—its shape, its steepness, the rock or ice of which it is made, its setting, and the difficulty of getting at it and getting up it. In Wales there is no mountain that has no easy way up it; but on nearly every mountain hard ways can be found, sometimes ways that are as hard and steep as any climbs anywhere. What, in the nature of things, our climbs cannot be is either very long or complicated by glaciers.

When I said that we had no mountain up which there was no easy way, I was thinking of the mountains as they are in summer. But occasionally, in the grip of hard frost following heavy snowfall, even the easy tracks to the top of Snowdon can be difficult to follow and, without the mountaineer's equipment and skill, dangerous. It is then that the climber can find on Snowdon conditions which mimic those on an Alpine climb.

Imagine yourself starting out on a February morning—February is often the time for the best snow. It is clear above; the sky a pale blue; underfoot the snow is crisp, and all round, as you walk up into Cwm Dyli, the streams are frozen: now for the first time you realise what silence can mean and how much noise, unnoticed, the small mountain streams make in summer. At the foot of the crags under the summit the rope is tied on, and, if you are very lucky indeed, you have before you 400 or 500 feet of hard, frozen snow to climb. Here and there, as you climb, you meet a variety of problems on rock and on ice whose difficulty, and the consequent doubt of success, adds a spice of uncertainty to your day. When at last you step out on to the summit ridge, you have been so long on the climb, and so engrossed in it, that you

are surprised to find it is near dusk. It is still—not a breath of air; the huts and the railway are decently swathed in snow; there are no footprints save your own; and a haze hides the valleys and villages below; far in the west, where the sun has already set, the Rivals, the Lleyn peninsula, and Bardsey are faintly outlined against the sea. Whether you are a climber or not, the complete contentment of being in such a place needs no explanation. It is one of the answers to the question 'What do you see in Snowdon now that you have been to bigger mountains?'—but it is not the only answer, because we go also to Wales and find satisfaction on days very different from that just described, and the happiness of these days is, I am bound to admit, difficult to explain to anyone who has not shared it. Let me give you an example.

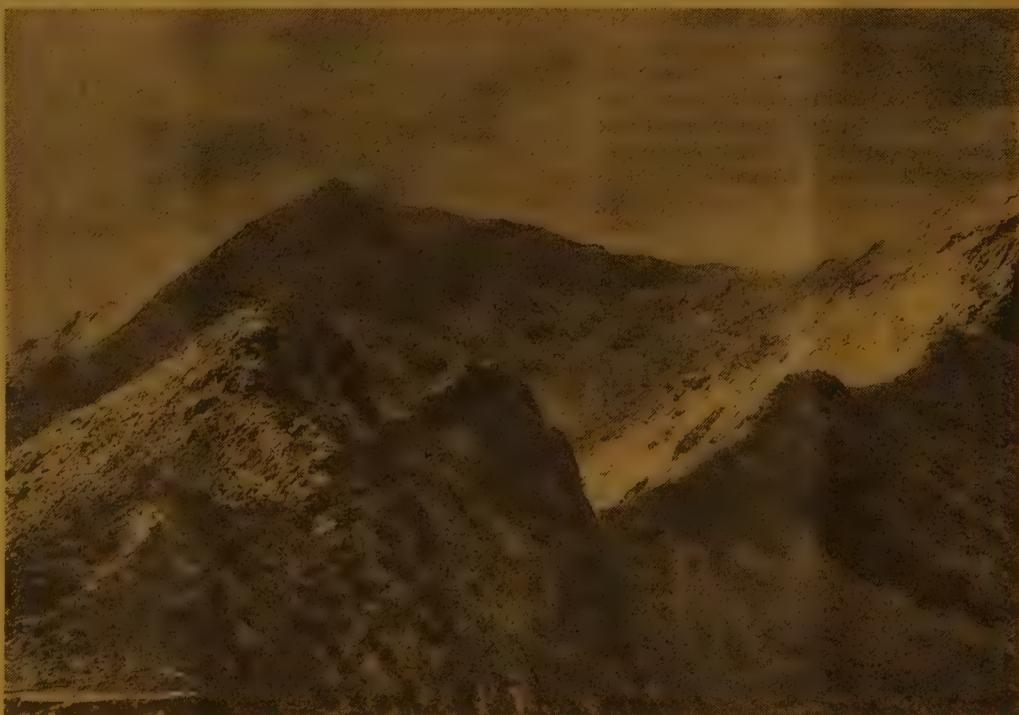
Recently, four of us, four friends, set out on a wild morning—it was November—for a Welsh climb. It was raining, it was cold, and before we had found in the cloud the bottom of the forbidding crag up which

one of the four of us was going to lead the rest, we were shivering and soaked. Above us the black rocks swept into mist. Our leader tied on the rope and disappeared somewhere above our heads. For four hours we followed him. Sometimes we crouched, drenched, on small ledges, shaking with cold while we waited our turn to move; sometimes we struggled, near the limit of our strength, up some hard few yards of slimy rock; once, through a rent in cloud, we glimpsed a small lake, hundreds of feet below us—it was the only time we saw it that day—and when it was all over, still in cloud, we gathered up our rope and scrambled back

down round the side of the crag to the place we had started from, to pick up, as darkness came on, our boots and belongings where we had dumped them before starting to climb. It was still raining; the socks in which we had been climbing were in tatters; our hands were scratched, our legs and arms were weary, and our hearts were filled with a contentment that cannot be put into words.

What had brought this about? There had been the companionship of friends, and the fun of taking on something which we knew would stretch us; but there was more. In a way hard to describe we seemed to have come close to the mountain, discovering its secrets on a fierce day, and we had been left at the end with a sense not of anything finished and done with, but of something discovered, to be known again, as soon and as much as possible.

In arousing that feeling all mountains are alike, the young Himalayas and these old hills of ours; these are not so big as those others, their shape and covering is different; but in men they arouse the same urge to know them, the same joy in a struggle, whether successful or not, and the same unending wonder at the meaning of the unseen world, of whose visible face they are one feature.—*Welsh Home Service*



Snowdon, with the pinnacles of Crib Goch in the foreground

The late F. S. Smythe

In Mr. Isaiah Berlin's talk published last week on Plekhanov, he was described (on page 1064, column 2, line 40) as having at one time supported Lenin because, among other attributes, he approved of Lenin's recklessness. This was how it appeared in the copy supplied to THE LISTENER and in Mr. Berlin's own corrected proof. Mr. Berlin wishes it to be known that the word 'reckless' should have been 'ruthless'.

The First Time I Played Hamlet

By GORDON CRAIG

THIS is how I first came to play Hamlet. Nobody asked me to play it but I saw an advertisement of a company that was going to tour and wanted a few more actors, and I thought, 'well, this may not be Hamlet but there may be some sort of part hanging about'. This company belonged to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hardy, two names probably lost for ever to posterity. He, though not young, was a nervous person, popping here and there; and she, though not young either, was a very kindly woman.

We assembled at the Theatre Royal—I think it was called the Theatre Royal—on a Monday, and we were to rehearse our plays, or three of them at any rate, during the first week: quick work, you see. It was an extraordinarily brave little company, this; and Mr. Hardy, the manager, was not only brave but calm in the face of many obstacles although a nervous man, for when we trooped into the theatre what did we see? Three-quarters of our small stage was filled up by a big tank full of water. This was because a certain Miss Ida Millais—whom everybody knows, of course, probably related to the great painter—was performing in some melodrama called, I imagine, 'Ida's Escape or The Last Leap'. For in the last act she had to jump from a big rock into this tank of water—which splashed up, of course. Then the villain jumped in after her and the hero jumped in after the villain and finally she came up drenched; and the body of the villain floated down—the damnable cur!—into the Green Room.

I think we were all fairly brave, looking at this tank and realising that we had only a yard or a yard and a half of stage in front of it in which to go through all the hither and thither of the five acts of 'Hamlet'. That's not easy, you know; and five acts of 'Romeo and Juliet', —that's still less easy; and those of 'The Lady of Lyons' and 'Mrs. Piecrust'.

A Positively Heroic Speech

When we began rehearsals Mrs. Hardy very quickly put me at my ease, even in the first scene—this was in 'Hamlet'—by coming across from the throne in which she was seated (it was an ordinary chair, of course) and saying 'Mr. Craig, tell us exactly what you want and we will fit in'. I don't know if they do that nowadays but it was a positively heroic speech. I thought it was very nice indeed, for she saw that I was a beginner and diffident and at that time with fairly good manners. So on went the rehearsals with a great deal of this sort of thing: 'Well, you come in here and stand just about where that tap is, and you go out there on the other side where the plug is'.

Then the first week began, and on the Monday morning—we were to act 'Romeo' that night—we found the stage quite clear of tanks. So we had one full day and probably Sunday afternoon, too—I forgot about that—in which we could plan all sorts of delicate niceties, subtleties, and great effects. The joy of acting 'Hamlet' on Tuesday was almost inconceivable to anybody except a young man, who, knowing the lines, tank or no tank, goes on and hopes for the best. Because, say what you may, and you may even think it without saying it, to play Hamlet and to play Romeo is, after all, a very difficult job and if we knew how difficult it was we shouldn't go on at all.

We got through the first week in Hereford and went on to other towns. At each town we generally played 'Hamlet' for the first night, for 'Hamlet', curiously enough, is always an attraction. It cannot be played without giving some sort of pleasure, as I observed on arriving at the town of Salford in Lancashire. There were some curious features about this Salford performance which have stamped themselves on my memory so that when anybody asks me 'Did you ever play Hamlet?' my mind instantly turns not to the Olympic Theatre in London where I played it later, not even to Hereford where I first played it, but to Salford itself.

To begin with, the place was full of roughs and toughs and their girls from the Lancashire country. When the first court scene of 'Hamlet' was disclosed I was seated there, melancholy, in a chair, with the King spouting in a loud voice behind me. I, who am shortsighted and can see very little without glasses, saw practically nothing at all

when I looked out towards the spectators. Because what seemed like a great fog of smoke filled the auditorium, and that was that. The King, having stopped bellowing as he turned to me to ask me to say a word, got from me a gentle negative sort of mumble to the effect that I was little more than kin, and jolly less than kind. At which, for some unearthly reason, a commotion started in the auditorium. Those men who had come to see the play had apparently imagined that it was something other than it was, and this rustle of noise was increasing when suddenly a voice thundered 'Sit down there!' Then turning to me, the voice, piercing the fog, cried out, 'Go on, young man'. So, after a moment, I ventured my second line. I said, turning to the King: 'Not so, my lord', etc., etc. And until the end of the play all was perfectly quiet: no audience could have been better.

Happy Faces at the Tragedy

But there was one curious and rather irritating thing which ran through the play scene after scene, act after act: there were queer little sounds from the front of the house as though little fingers were knocking at the door trying to come in. It seemed such a shame, 'knock, knock'—all the time this went on—'knock'. I couldn't make head or tail of it. Later the fog lifted and I saw a lot of happy faces, proving that tragedy is the best way for people to pass the evening if they want to enjoy themselves. So when Horatio at the end of the play had lifted me up from the ground, where I had been assassinated and was lying still, and I had received the applause of the crowd, we turned to each other and said 'That was a jolly evening, wasn't it?'

'Rather', said Horatio, 'Do we have a run through in the morning? All right'.

So the next morning we arrived at the theatre again, I feeling extremely self-satisfied but still puzzled by that little knocking sound which had gone on—'knock, knock, knock, knock'. We ran through a couple of scenes, then I said to Horatio 'Come along, come along, let's forget it, let's go to the front and see what the house looks like'. So we went round. It was an ordinary, very ordinary, theatre. The first thing that struck me were some strange anthills on the floor, scattered all over the place. 'That's odd', I said, 'What is it?' Going nearer, we saw that these hillocks consisted of thousands of little broken nut-shells. And then I realised that it was the cracking of these nuts that had sounded like the tapping of fingers or the knock of death-watch beetles the night before. It showed curiously how concentrated the spectators had been upon my performance, for they dropped their shells without looking down and in every case a perfect little pyramid formed, in which there must have been fifty or sixty. I drew Horatio's attention to this, saying 'They must have been very interested by the show'.

'Yes', he replied, 'I don't think we were bad'. 'No, I suppose not', I answered. And then I recalled how in the scene where Hamlet talks to his mother, when I said 'Do you see nothing there?' a crack would come, and then another as she replied 'Nothing at all, yet all that is I see'. And when I went on—'Nor do you nothing hear?', a perfect volley of cracking would be heard all over the place.

Anyhow, I was quite pleased with myself as I went out with Horatio into the sunny daylight and we strolled down to the public house, where beer was sold in those days and where lunch was waiting. On the way there we passed two urchins who gazed as though recognising what great artists we were. When one of them suddenly struck an attitude like Edmund Kean, hands above the head, and called out 'Hamlet, Hamlet, I am thy father's giblets!' We made a momentary pause: I looked down my nose, my brows raised, and we passed on. I don't think I ever in my life heard anything more unexpected. Why giblets? But I think it was sincere admiration: don't you?—*Third Programme*

Among recently published autobiographies are *The Brabazon Story*, by Lord Brabazon of Tara (Heinemann, 25s.), *Memory to Memory*, by Sir Arnold Lunn (Hollis and Carter, 21s.), and *A Jewish Pilgrimage*, by Israel Cohen (Vallentine Mitchell, 21s.).

NEWS DIARY

December 26-January 1

Wednesday, December 26

General Burns, commander of the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, discusses withdrawal of Israel forces from Sinai desert with the Israel Chief of Staff

Representatives of Iraq Petroleum Company start talks with Syrian Government on repairing pipeline installations

Heavy snow blocks many roads in West Scotland, Wales, Peak District, and Midlands. Three of party of four climbers found dead on Ben Nevis

Thursday, December 27

Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, asks General Burns for immediate report on fate of the kidnapped British officer

Israel sends Notes to Western Powers expressing concern at renewed Fedayeen activities

Friday, December 28

Iraq protests to Syria about attacks made on her by Syrian Foreign Minister

A plan to develop the resources of Sahara approved by French Upper House

Saturday, December 29

Clearance work on Suez Canal starts

The Turkish Prime Minister says that Turkey would accept partition of Cyprus

England wins first Test Match in Johannesburg by 131 runs

Sunday, December 30

General Wheeler says he estimates Suez Canal will be clear for ships of 10,000 tons by early March and for all ships by May

Mr. Dulles has talks with Mr. Hammarskjöld in New York on United States' new Middle East policy

Employers in Hungary are ordered to dismiss people for whom they have no work

Monday, December 31

Mr. Dulles explains American policy in Middle East in a New Year message

Britain and Poland sign new trade agreement

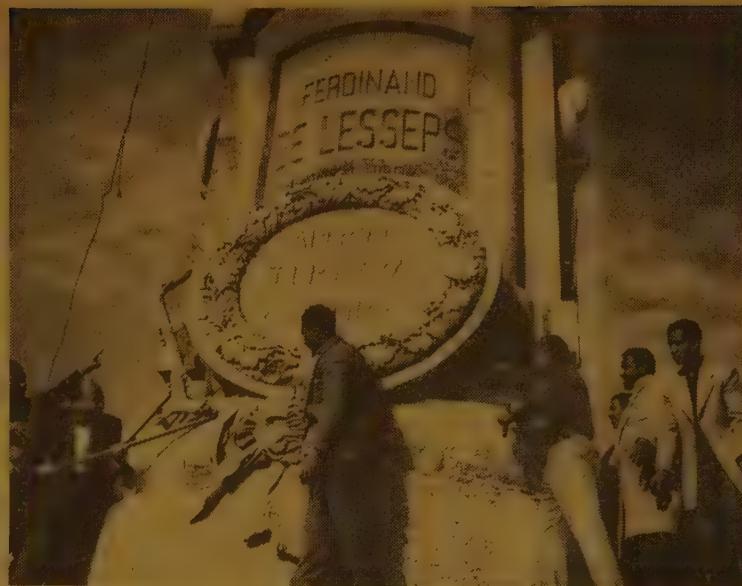
Tuesday, January 1

President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles discuss Middle East policy with Congressional leaders

Britain to admit 5,000 more Hungarian refugees

Hauliers' conference give warning that they may have to stop work if they are not given more petrol

Dr. Adenauer visits the Saar on the first day of its political reunification with Western Germany



Egyptians in Port Said mutilating the plinth of the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps (the French engineer who built the Suez Canal) as a demonstration on December 23 following the withdrawal of British troops. Next day the statue was dynamited off the plinth and trampled on by the crowd. Right: work on clearing the Suez Canal began last weekend. This photograph shows a Dutch diver descending to start work on an Egyptian warship sunk at the southern entrance of the Canal



A view northward over Poldhu Cove towards Gunwalloe Towans golf course on the west side of the Lizard peninsula. The National Trust has purchased 108 acres of Gunwalloe Towans from the Mullion Golf Club (which has closed down) and so ensured the preservation of this stretch of land



A car, abandoned by its owner in a snowdrift on Christmas Day on the Llandegla Moors, North Wales, being uncovered by a snowplough two days later. Heavy snowfalls in western and northern counties at Christmas were followed by a rapid thaw set in



Mr. John Hay Whitney, the American financier, who has been appointed as the new United States Ambassador in London in succession to Mr. Winthrop Aldrich. Mr. Whitney, who was for a time at Oxford University, is fifty-two



French settlers attacking a Moslem in a street in Algiers during riots which broke out during the funeral last Saturday of M. Froger, President of the Algeria mayors' federation. M. Froger had been assassinated the previous day by terrorists



Firemen and reporters running from a bush fire near Los Angeles, California, on December 26 after a sudden change in the wind had turned the flames in their direction. By last weekend the fire had spread to built-up areas and many houses had been destroyed. On December 28 the Governor of the State declared a state of emergency

Left: schoolchildren handling a small alligator during a lecture on 'How Animals Feed' at the London Zoo last week. This was one of a series of lectures arranged by the L.C.C. for children during the Christmas holidays



Miss Ruth Draper, the American actress, who died on December 30. Her unique ability to people the stage (without scenery or the support of other actors) with characters of her own creation was first seen in this country in 1920. In 1927 she performed before King George V and Queen Mary at Windsor Castle. This photograph was taken in 1954 after she had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Law at Cambridge

Minds and Machines—II

The Present State of Brain Models

By COLIN CHERRY

IN recent times the public imagination has been caught by the dramatic performance of those giant computing machines which are so often referred to as 'electronic brains'. This imagination has been worked upon by journalists and by cartoonists. These machines are seen as robots, as having almost human qualities, as slaves who may do our bidding now but may one day revolt against us: science fiction, strip cartoons and even serious commentary concerning 'automation' and its effects upon the future of industry—all these raise the same age-old questions and fears. Literature is filled with robots, with automata, with man-made men, from Pygmalion to Karel Capek, from Hobbes to Olaf Stapleton.

Complete Difference from Real Brains

But I do not propose to dwell long in this fairyland, for I have no hesitation in saying that the modern 'electronic brains' differ from real brains in almost every respect. That is why we need them. They are not constructed like brains, they do not operate like brains, and they do not carry out the more interesting brain-like tasks. They do arithmetic, very quickly, operating deductively and without making a single error (though some can afford to make and correct a limited number of errors), according to a programme given them. Brains operate inductively, with an enormous amount of error making and error correction in their internal workings, and they continually change, modify, and adapt themselves as circumstances change.

The brain models of which I want to tell you are less popularly known. They represent, literally, attempts to help biologists by taking certain well-established facts about animal brains and animal behaviour, fitting these into a consistent description or an actual physical construct. Such constructs, models, 'machines', or descriptions—call them what you will—then aim to integrate into a single working model the known facts. They may be experimented with and observed, to discover whether aspects of their behaviour correspond with performance of real animal brains. They may be applied to the usual scientific purpose of prediction; they may suggest new experiments, new concepts, or new properties which might afterwards be sought by the biologist in his laboratory.

What does the brain do? What do you do as you move about the world, enjoying the sights and sounds? Stripped to its most naked form, your behaviour is based upon the formation and weighing of hypotheses, hypotheses concerning what we conveniently call the 'outside' world. Rather than speak of 'you', I would prefer to speak of your brain—of your brain as a superb device whose function it is to form hypotheses which are confirmed or denied by the sense-data which fall upon the eyes, the ears, or the other receptors; as a device for receiving information from 'outside', for processing this information, for carrying out continual inductive inferences, and for adjusting the whole organism, moving it about, adapting and modifying it, fitting it to the world. The brain is essentially a self-organising, goal-seeking system, and any models constructed will have to be of this type. Not machines in the usual sense, like bicycles, turbines, and typewriters—machines which are designed and built in their final form from blueprints—not machines which are 'built that way', but rather machines which can develop and 'grow that way'. For we have really come to a new concept of 'machine', machines which are designed to have the potential for growing, for performing continual selective actions, for adjusting themselves and adapting the better to their environment.

The 'Potential' for Learning

The word 'potential' here is a key word. Animal brains have the potential for learning and for setting the organism into adaptive response to the environment, for seeking goals; as when the organism is finding food, shelter, mates; or avoiding predators; in preservation of self and the species. Or we may speak of the animal himself as having certain innate, or 'built-in', goal-seeking dispositions, with a potential for learning from experience—for satisfying hunger or relieving pain.

But the whole complex of motivated, purposeful activity is too much to comprehend, and must be broken down into a number of basic patterns; for instance, recognition and conditional reflexes. We must understand these and their mechanism first.

What do we mean when we say we 'recognise' a friend in a crowd? Surely that a certain response has been called up in us, selected out of a whole range of possible responses. We can name him or give some other response sign. Again, we can recognise a certain shape as being circular, say the rim of a tea-cup, and give it a name, 'circle'; or we can run a finger round it. That is, a response is selected in us which, in Charles Peirce's words, 'can itself be taken as a sign for the same object'. Stimulus signs evoke response signs in a potentially endless chain.

But we recognise a friend's face, or a tea-cup or any other object, in any position, within a range of distance, in bright light or twilight. The same identical stimulus never falls on our eyes twice. A given person, say 'Charlie', may be represented on different occasions by a whole class of different, but related, stimuli. So too with aural recognition, as when we hear our name called, in many accents, shouted or whispered. What we recognise then is not things, but classes of things. That is, from any particular stimulus, on any one occasion, we are prepared to infer its class by induction: we say 'Why, it's Charlie!' or 'Pass me that tea-cup, please'. We have recognised the class, or universal, from the particular.

Discrimination between Classes

The brain, then, as a discriminating machine, discriminates between classes. And further, it can form new classes and sub-classes, when new properties are singled out. For example, we may have the concepts of 'cow' or 'horse' at some stage, then of 'brown cow' or 'brown horse' later; or, classifying in another way, the concept of 'animal'. For the various concepts which we possess, as thoughts or subjective experiences, are the various classes which the brain has the potential for forming and for discriminating between. There must then be some kind of neural representation of these classes in the brain, a pattern or organisation built up from the sense-data received at the eyes, ears, and skin, being checked and corrected continually as the organism's motor responses react back to the environment.

These are then the elementary activities which we seek to build into models: receiving of sense-data, making of representations, discrimination and inference, motor responses, self-checking and correction. What are the mechanisms?

One of the essential distinctions between brain models and ordinary mechanisms lies in the chance elements which these new models possess. Whereas most machines are deterministic in the way they operate, brain models are probabilistic; that is to say, any stimulus which is applied to the model effects some inner store representing probabilities, and consequently altering the chances of what the model will do next time, or when later stimuli arrive: because affecting the probable future reactions is basic to what we call 'learning'. One of the first probabilistic mechanisms of this kind was constructed by Ross Ashby, which he called his Homeostat. This little model could react to stimuli in such ways as either to leave it more stable or less stable in behaviour than before; if, however, it became less stable, then automatically it would make some random change in its own structure, and try again. It would go on making random changes so long as a tendency towards instability persisted. What was significant in that model was the novel idea of incorporating a chance element for definite purposeful and useful ends. But this model had no powers of learning.

More recently, Uttley and Russell have been, and still are, building several models illustrating Pavlovian learning, recognition of classes, the formation of new classes and various associative, predictive, adaptive behaviour patterns. For instance, one model consists of very simple parts; it is fitted with two press-buttons representing the ringing of the bell and the food; and a lamp lights to represent salivation, as in Pavlov's famed experiment with dogs. If these buttons be pressed a

number of times, either together or separately, the model acquires a store which represents the probabilities of these various separate or combined stimuli. Subsequently if the 'bell' button be pressed, the 'salivation' lamp may light or not light according to the probabilities then existing. That is, the model 'learns' and develops a conditioned reflex, as though it had formed the bell-food association.

Press-Button Stimuli

But the press-button stimuli here are things, not classes of things. In a later model, Uttley shows how an assembly of his simple units can represent the building up of classes from individual, and varied, stimuli. For instance, a cardboard silhouette representing, say, a hawk can be placed over an array of photo-cells, at first in one standard position; if it be placed over this array time and time again, in different orientations and positions, the model steadily abstracts the unchanging properties of the silhouette. Then the model can be said to recognise the whole class of stimuli, that is the 'hawk'. And so, in principle, one might continue, and build models to identify new classes, and then classes of classes. Such models behave as though they acquired new concepts and associated them: I emphasise here, behave *as though*.

Models of this kind are essentially functional models; they do simple brain-like actions. The remarkable thing about such models is that they are built up of individually very simple units. But they isolate specific brain-like functions and we should not expect them to be 'like' the brain in too wide respects. Nevertheless, it is upon such basic actions as these models illustrate that the whole of our higher mental activity ultimately depends. But the people who design such models are very modest as regards their claims for their models. They do not acclaim their ability to write sonnets, or philosophise, or show wisdom. On the other hand, we should not underestimate and deride these models as mere contraptions beside which an earth-worm would appear to show genius. Animal brains are vaster in scale but, scientifically, we need not be impressed by mere size.

It was Grey Walter who put his finger on this point. His 'toy tortoise', as it is often called, was built to have only two forms of reaction (linear and rotary motion) and two receptor organs (by light and by touch); nevertheless, he has observed that the model's 'behaviour is quite complex and unpredictable'. How, then, can we attempt to understand the real animal brain? This view emphasises the value of synthesis, the building of models which can gradually be improved as more and more knowledge comes in from analysis of living organisms. Both analysis and synthesis form part of scientific method; the present state of brain models is such that they show that the stage of useful synthesis has almost been reached, and that further progress must rest upon more results of analysis of real organisms and behaviour. The ball is returning back to the biologists' court.

In slight contrast to these functional or 'behavioural' models are another class, representing 'physiological, or literal' models. These attempt to synthesise vast assemblages or networks of units having the known essential properties of neurons. Shortly after the recent war, Pitts and McCulloch applied the methods of mathematical logic to the study of the union of nerve fibres, by synapses, into networks, showing that such networks could, in principle, exhibit some forms of behaviour previously regarded by many people as non-mechanistic—for example, the formation and recognition of classes (as universals or *gestalten*). Individually, the model neurons are given simple properties; but collectively, *en masse*, they exhibit complex brain-like activity. Eccles and Scholl, too, have emphasised this statistical view, that individual fibre connections may at first be random, but their properties are such as to give the whole mass the potential for developing.

A considerable mathematical study has been made of the properties of such mass random networks. For example, Beurle has considered the way in which wave-like surges of activity can be started by excitation at one point in the mass; a small excitation may fail to build up and spread, but more intense excitation may set off neighbouring elements, resulting in a surge propagating outwards. Then what stops it going off like an atomic bomb? Beurle has predicted from his model that there must be some self-stabilising action, not yet isolated biologically. Perhaps what we call 'memory' may arise from slight changes to such a network. Incidentally, this model shows trial and error learning, and conditioned responses which, combined, give types of adaptive behaviour and memory sequences. Again, such a model, as a mass-network with waves of activity, goes a long way to integrating the classically opposed field and network views of neural activity, as argued, for instance, by Lashley and by Hebb.

Taylor, of University College, also approaches the problem synthetically, by taking the essential properties of neurons as described mathematically by Hodgkin and Huxley. He makes electrical analogues of these and connects them up into a synthesis, which again shows the chief behavioural modes. These models possess 'sense organs' and give 'motor responses'; they exhibit 'faculties' like accommodation, memory, recognition of geometrical shapes, and associative learning of patterns.

It seems possible, then, to start with somewhat differing assumptions about neuron properties but nevertheless to end up with reasonable gross patterns of behaviour. More work is required of biologists, to find what properties are really essential to cerebral and peripheral neurons.

Whence come the people who do such work; are they biologists, mathematicians, or engineers? The answer is, really, all three. It is another example of the fruitful results of war-time associations, when people from one academic discipline became forced into another. But it is a fascinating study: the possible mechanism of the brain, and the logic of its operations as a goal-seeking, self-organising system; and, I might add, the possibility of its being a self-discovering system—for we have no 'meta-brain' to do the job for us. In a sense, the brain and its functioning represent unique phenomena. For though purely physiological observation may not fall into a category distinct from any other of physical science, the postulation of the functioning and of the logical basis of behaviour involves us, in some degree, in self-observation.

—Third Programme

A Turning Point in Eastern Europe?

(continued from page 5)

Communist bosses over workers, students and soldiers was shown up as fraudulent. Warsaw and Budapest in 1956 dissolved the nightmare of Orwell's 1984.

In Poland the Communist bosses decided to yield to the popular demand. In Hungary the bosses did not have this minimum of patriotism: they appealed to Russian troops to defend them against their own subjects. In Poland the security police had been purged for some time back. In the crisis it was on the side of the nation. In Hungary the security police had hardly been touched. It fought fanatically, together with the Russian forces, against the Hungarian people.

These two differences explain why in Poland there was a bloodless victory for national Communism, but in Hungary a bloody and victorious revolution against Communism, followed by a national war against the Russian army. The Hungarians were not more reckless than the Poles: they were simply given no chance to do anything but fight or surrender, and they chose to fight. Their achievement is greater than the Polish. They have shown that 1984 is only a nightmare, but they have also shown that a totalitarian regime can be overthrown by its own subjects.

The Hungarian regime of Rakosi and Gerö was not an old-fashioned dictatorship but a full-blooded modern totalitarian system. Hitler's totalitarian power was smashed only by war, Stalin's survived war, but the Hungarians destroyed theirs in three days. They had no outside help in destroying it, and none when the Russians poured divisions in to rob them of their victory. The so-called free world looked on, and dropped a tear or two for the victim. But the victim refused to die. The workers and the whole nation have continued passive resistance, and are continuing it still, and still the world is looking on.

But this is not all. The same three forces that made the revolution in Hungary—students, workers, and army—have shown signs of disaffection in Russia itself. It is only a beginning, but it is something that would have been inconceivable in Stalin's lifetime. The Soviet leaders have good grounds to distrust each other, and now they see the first signs of revolutionary feeling in their country: only a beginning, but in the mid-twentieth century the pace of history is quicker than in the decades before 1917. What foreign visitor would have taken seriously the small signs of protest in Hungary a year ago?

Milovan Djilas, a hero of the Yugoslav Communist Resistance, and former intimate friend of Marshal Tito, was recently sentenced to three years' imprisonment for an article in an American newspaper. In it he had written: 'The Hungarian uprising is a new phenomenon, perhaps no less meaningful than the French or Russian Revolutions'. To that I can only add: will it perhaps prove to be the prologue to the next Russian Revolution?—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

'Mr. Tame Lion'

Reminiscences of G. K. Chesterton by LANCE SIEVEKING

WHEN I first saw G. K. Chesterton I was speechless: not, as you might reasonably suppose, with astonishment and awe, but merely because I had not yet learnt to speak. I was only a few weeks old and I accepted him without comment. The occasion was that of my baptism at Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was not until a few years after this, in about 1899, that I consciously made friends with him.

He was an enormous man, nearly six feet six tall and weighing something round twenty stone, and his huge head was covered with a tousled mane of pale yellow hair. His gigantic figure was made more gigantic by the loose voluminous black clothes he usually wore, a sort of cloak, or ulster, flapping like a sail as he surged forward. Every now and then the incredible protruding slope of his immense stomach could be seen, tightly encased in an enormous black waistcoat with innumerable buttons, and he usually wore a vast black crumpled sombrero with a wide brim that bent up and down in unexpected places.

But the first thing you noticed were the pince-nez: a pair of spectacles with a straight bar between on which there was a finely-coiled spring. The oval glasses had little wash-leather pads and the spring pressed these tightly on either side of his nose, and when he took them off there were two bright red marks on his nose. In those days everyone wore glasses like that. Chesterton's had a cord or wide silk ribbon which used to catch in things. They were always wildly crooked, one glass up and the other down. In the middle of his huge face was a drooping yellow moustache, from beneath which used to come the most surprising thing of all—his voice. It was very high, at times almost squeaky, and what he said was often preceded by a long, high, infectious, neighing chuckle.

When I was a tiny little boy I nick-named G.K. 'Mr. Tame Lion', because that is what he looked like when he played with me in our back garden, and though he did not make deep growly noises like the lions at the Zoo, he roared as sweet and high as any Kokoburra bird. And 'Tame Lion' he remained for the rest of his life.

We lived at number four, Lyon Road, Harrow. One afternoon he drew a little caricature of himself and we cut it out and stuck it on a piece of cardboard and in his miniature condition I cast him as the 'Tame Lion of Lyon Road' in a play I was going to produce in my toy theatre. It was one of those little theatres made by the celebrated Mr. Pollock, and I thought the highly coloured scenery of 'The Daughter of the Regiment' was very suitable for the new play. One back-drop contained a representation of the Sphinx surrounded by plenty of bright-yellow Egyptian desert. Kneeling down behind the theatre out of sight I announced the title 'The Lion and Swinx'. G.K.C. was delighted by my version of the word and insisted on it being 'kept in'. After that 'The Swinx' became our favourite character and crept into every play in the most improbable contexts. That little Pollock theatre gave us endless delight. My audience usually consisted of my mother, my little sister Elinor, and the latest governess from 'The House of Education' at Ambleside. Sometimes the cook and the housemaid were press-ganged to swell the audience.

I have often wondered what difference there would have been in his writing and his life if he had not been a gigantically fat man. One thing at any rate is certain: he could not have made that joke about his size and weight which he trotted out in one form or another on so many occasions. He used to make remarks such as 'I am conscious of being

rather a heavy object in every sense, to be attached to so airy a subject'; and he invented imaginary newspaper headlines—'The Breadth of Politeness: Mr. Chesterton gives up his seat in a bus to four ladies'.

You know how well you know a person with whom you have been intimately associated when you were a child. Owing to your inexperience of the world you cannot judge them in terms of law, or social custom. But you know their character at bottom: you know whether they are 'good' or 'bad', 'cruel' or 'kind', to be trusted or not to be trusted, generous or mean. You know these things in a way you never can in later life. I knew Mr. and Mrs. 'Tame Lion' as a small child and a boy, and though I was forty when they died I still knew them as a child knows people. They were both truly good people and full of love. G.K. died

in 1936 and Frances, his wife, wrote to me:

Dear Tame Lion was only really ill for a week, though he had not been well the last two years. He died as he would have wished, with his brain and sword and pen all at their best. I say to myself over and over again:

'Life that is only mean to the mean

And only brave to the brave'.

It was brave to him, and please God, shall be to me.

Yours always,
Mrs. Tame Lion

A few weeks later she, too, was dead. She was sixty-six. Tame Lion was sixty-two.

Mrs. Chesterton — Frances — usually travelled with him when he went about the country lecturing. My mother, who was her best friend, said that he owed much of his success to Frances, but treated her with a certain lack of consideration.

My mother used to be very indignant and give instances of his alleged ungraciousness: but I think she exaggerated. I remember one of her stories of how Frances had sat up half the night collating twenty pages of notes for him and preparing refreshments, spare handkerchiefs, a change of shoes, and so on. I imagined Tame Lion looking through the notes in a desultory fashion, every now and then giving his little high-pitched grunt. When they got there, wherever it was, and were walking out of the station, Frances suddenly exclaimed: 'Oh, Gilbert, where are the notes? You've left them in the train—oh what shall we do!'

'What does it matter?' he said a little ungraciously. 'Don't make such a fuss, Frances'.

My mother was indignant, because if somebody had taken so much trouble on her behalf she would have gone through the motions of using the notes during the lecture, even if she had only pretended to read them. Those voluminous notes of Frances' might have put G.K. off. One has to remember that Tame Lion was sorely tried by the mountain of flesh he had to carry about with him. If he was occasionally irritable it was not a sign of anything unlovable in his character. I am sure he loved Frances devotedly; I could tell by the way he looked at her. Whether or no he needed the notes she used to make, he certainly ought never to have travelled without her. She was not in the least surprised when, one day, she got a telegram which said, 'Am at Market Harborough. Where ought I to be?'

He often used to write me little letters on scraps of paper. I found one the other day, a picture of himself looking very bewildered, with St. Paul's School in the background, underneath which he had written: 'Twenty years late for school'. When he gave me books, he always wrote in the beginning and usually put a drawing as well. Once when I got home I found I had taken the book, *A Miscellany of Men*, before he had written in it. I took it back and we both forgot all about it.



Gilbert and Frances Chesterton

Months later he sent it to me with a splendid drawing of us both, he as a lion crouching beneath the feet of an enormously tall Viking with a winged helmet. I was then sixteen and nearly as tall as he was. The picture was headed 'The Viking and the very Tame Lion', and this was the inscription:

The lion before Daniel's feet
Was meek as any spaniel,
Because he'd kept for half a year,
A borrowed Book of Daniel.

He used to recite verse in an inimitable way. I remember sitting with him and Frances in the Oriental Café on the sea front at Hastings: Frances, as usual, was quietly observant and appreciative, not missing the slightest gesture of the huge pudgy hand, or a note of the high squeaky voice. I have no idea who wrote the verse, perhaps he did—perhaps he made it up on the spot—but King's Lynn had somehow come into the conversation and Mr. Tame Lion turned to me and said, his stomach heaving with the long squeaky chuckle: 'A friend of mine once composed a poem about King's Lynn. It went like this:

'The King's Lynn moon
Has an extra touch of yellow;
And a fellow
(Noise of neigh)
Wants to BELLOW
At the yellow that is extra
In the King's Lynn moon.'

Then the cord of his pince-nez caught in his tea-cup and there was a moment of confusion.

Our family were what is called 'High Church', and when Mr. Tame Lion was received into the Roman Church it caused no flutter at all in our household. My mother's poet cousin, Gerard Manley Hopkins, had done the same thing and so had my mother's aunt, Maria Giberne, who had become a Catholic nun under the influence of Cardinal Newman, and several of our vicars had 'gone over to Rome' as we said. We looked upon Christ's Church Militant here on earth as one army and, by exact analogy, all the different sects in it merely as different regiments.



The drawing which Chesterton made for Mr. Sieveking on the fly-leaf of *A Miscellany of Men*

I wonder how many people there are still alive who have been present, as I was in my godfather's house, when those four giants, Wells, Shaw, Belloc, and Chesterton, were shouting, interrupting each other, arguing and laughing? A stray epigram or two survives, a beautifully turned witticism, or the expression of a passionately held conviction, but scarcely an echo can be recalled of the uproarious zest with which those four men talked, or the astonishing spontaneity with which glittering strings of words sprang out of their mouths. Ideas, splendid, original ideas—always ideas and more ideas: brand-new ideas and ideas so old that they had been forgotten. What did they talk about? All four of them wrote millions of words in books, pamphlets, and plays about their ideas. All I can do now is to recall a general sense of their effect upon me, as one might try to give an account of having listened to the finest orchestra in the world giving a staggering performance of some gigantic and sublime work of music. I still retain the flavour and impact of their four extremely different personalities: Shaw and Chesterton urbane and chuckling; Belloc and Wells combative and scornful.

Once, I remember, they argued about the desirability, or the reverse, of personal immortality. Chesterton remarked: 'H.G. suffers from the disadvantage that, when he dies, if he's right, he'll never know; he'll only know if he's wrong'.

Wells gave an exasperated exclamation, whereupon Belloc said: 'There is something sublimely futile about the inevitability'. At which Shaw accused Belloc of habitually begging the question. Then he trounced Chesterton for consistent evasion of all points at issue in any argument on any subject, and, without letting the other three get a word in, he proceeded to hold forth on immortality, personal, impersonal, metaphorical, mythological, and so on, and so on. At last, after twenty minutes, he paused, and Mr. Tame Lion observed to the ceiling: 'That, I suppose, is what is known as putting the whole thing in a nutshell'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The New Profession of Management

Sir.—The letter in THE LISTENER of December 20 from so eminent an archaeologist as Mr. O. G. S. Crawford is surprising. One would have thought that a man with such experience in observation would not have missed the point I clearly made, that a business or industrial enterprise consists of managers, those managed, and the shareholders; that the enterprise exists for all three groups of members (and the customers) and not the members for the enterprise. I respectfully suggest that he read what Mr. George Goyder, a prominent industrialist and practising Christian, has to say in *The Future of Private Enterprise*.

In the nationalised industries, to which Mr. Crawford refers, the public plays the dual role of shareholder/customer. Neither they nor the railway employees exist for British Railways; that enterprise exists for them all. It is the duty of the managers, as professional men, to see to it that the enterprise serves them all; and in the doing of that to see to it that the operational members, the employees, do not suffer. If Mr. Crawford rejects Aristotelian doctrine (he quotes

my paraphrasing) he is simultaneously denying an original concept of democracy.

The failure of management in British Railways, the Coal Board, and Electricity Authority is not to be corrected by reversion to the kind of private enterprise Mr. Crawford seems to desire, where the end is profit-making for a limited good and not, profitable-running for a total good. The troubles are not inherent in the idea of nationalising public services, they arise mainly from the manner in which nationalisation was put into practice. Hence we are treated to reports on reorganisation of the Coal Board and Electricity Authority—no doubt British Railways will be reported upon as well.

This need for reorganisation brings out a point I stressed in the second half of my talk. The structures of nationalised industries were devised on empirical knowledge. On the surface there was no reason why they should not work, for similar structures have apparently worked elsewhere. But they have not worked, for they were not devised on theoretical knowledge. Those who devised the structures knew 'how', but not 'why'. And not knowing 'why', they failed.

Perhaps they thought in the same way as Mr. Crawford, and as those communists who believe that individuals exist for the state and not that the state exists for individuals.

Mr. Heller's letter in THE LISTENER of December 13 shows a misapprehension of some of my remarks. I contend that 'if a manager is perfectly clear about the morality of his right to command, then he need have no doubts about his right to expect and to enforce obedience'. Mr. Heller finds a difficulty here in 'judging the correctness of decisions'. He confuses morality with action in the light of that morality. Managerial decision may be difficult to judge in terms of managerial competence—all managers make decisions that are right or wrong, good or bad, in a technical sense—but that does not mean to say that a managerial morality could not be outlined in unambiguous terms by a philosopher.

Similarly, if the manager is personal judge of his own actions in the light of a morality that considers the total good of the enterprise, that is to say being guided by his own internal moral authority, he at once assumes the mantle of a professional man. To leave all judgement of his

actions to external agencies deprives him of that self-responsibility which is the hallmark of a good manager. To say, implicitly as Mr. Heller does, that teaching of moral authority is 'valueless' seems to me to mark clearly the difference (in training of managers) between the approaches of a technical college and of the university.

His parallel with the teaching of surgery is a little unfortunate. Surgery is not taught in universities but in hospitals. However, he could well use the parallel of managing as a profession with medicine as a profession. The medical student learns techniques in his hospital cliniques (technical college), to use a stethoscope, a radio-logical apparatus, a sphygmomanometer. These techniques are absolutely necessary in his practice just as work study, cost accounting, production engineering are essential to the factory manager. He becomes a good doctor/manager only by experience. But he tests his judgement in practice by reference to the theory of clinical medicine taught him at the university.

Here is the essential complementarity of the hospital/technical college and the university tried out by long experience. One teaches 'how', the other teaches 'why', and one is not much practical good without the other. If a technical college proposes to teach 'why' as well as 'how' it will have to increase its staff enormously. It would become a university. I do not think the older universities want to become technical colleges—some of the newer appear to lie half-way between, trying to make up their minds.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

T. T. PATERSON

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Cultural Uproar in Japan

Sir,—Concerning D. J. Enright's 'Cultural Uproar in Japan' (THE LISTENER, December 20) I hope to present an oriental point of the view of the same situation.

Perhaps culture is the only thing which cannot be exported. It can only be adopted by the people out of their free selection according to the need of their own culture transformation. The European culture only means something to an Asian, if it can add something to their own, otherwise however highly esteemed in their own country will remain unmoved before a different audience in a different country. It is probably the crisis that determines the value of culture not the museums and history books. It is only when the writer facing a piece of blank paper, when the painter treating a blank canvas, when an individual reacts to a situation, that culture plays its active role. The modern Japanese living in the same era of crisis, menacing by the same modern problems which the Europeans has been and is experiencing wants to know how the Europeans represent and react to the similar situation. The experience however different is something worthwhile to learn, so that they are in a better position to face the cultural crisis in a new mechanical world. What is out of favour to an Englishman's taste may not be necessary bad to the Japanese culture. It may be something which is just lacking in their own and needs adopting. I think the restaurant should provide the dishes, it is up to the customers to choose their favourite.

To illustrate the point, I want to mention Ezra Pound's translation of the Chinese poetry. To anyone who has any knowledge and understanding of the original text will find Mr. Pound's translation so ridiculous unfaithful. If we are judging from the angle of faithfulness, we probably miss the whole literary intention of Mr. Pound. Mr. Pound certainly did a better job than Whistler's painting *Madame Butterfly*. At least he has brought in a new foreign element confronting the modern cultural crisis. In

general I think the modern British literature has been profited by his bad translations. I do not want to mention Mr. Dickinson's Chinese tales and likewise fanatic stories about the Far East in the current British publications, that your museum hanged our calligraphy upside down and your ladies put up our funeral costume in cocktail parties. All these inevitable misunderstandings, I think, should be treated with good humour, should not be so 'irritated' as Mr. Enright did.

Music since Debussy, painting since Delacroix, poetry since Baudelaire, that the European culture in general has took up an oriental favour, yet it is only through the Byzantine European roots that the western artists induced new oriental spirit to their degenerated Renaissance art. The Middle East influence in Yeats, Kafka and Virginia Woolf is so eminent. Byzantine is the historic bridge that the two poles happened to meet, a common language which both know but not fully understand. The next alternative is the Gothic. An oriental student will respond to a Chaucer or a T. S. Eliot more profoundly than say a Milton, a Giotto or a Matisse more movingly than a Rubens. It is the two ends that meet not the Renaissance belly which a western traditional snob will hold so important. I think it is much preferable to approach culture to some one on an receptive base near to his own tradition, however elemental and minute, than forcefully impose something which is so different and cannot arouse a vital interest. A genuine good-will culture mission should base upon the readiness to contribute to the culture life of the other country not to impose the values at home.

On the other hand, we find deeply responsible so little has been provided to make the British understand us better that the standard of the public appreciation in Britain still remain in the primitive curiosity of exotique food and Judo practising.—Yours, etc.,

Paris, 6

TSENG TSO YO

Six Virtues for Authors—VI

Sir,—Mr. Rex Warner, in THE LISTENER of December 27, has given excellent examples and definitions of literary 'audacity', but I would hazard modifications. His interpretation of the Regulus Ode of Horace is mostly correct, but incomplete for proper appreciation.

(1) Horace compares Regulus to a weary, public advocate whose friends stand in his path (*obstantes*), and whom the populace actively try to prevent returning (*reditum . . . morantes*); (2) the nostalgic simile mentions places particularly dear to the poet Horace—Venafrum, famed for olive trees (Horace's Sabine farm possessed them), and Tarentum whose countryside another Ode suggests as a suitable place for the poet's retirement; (3) the sibilians in '*tendens Venafranos in agros*' hint at impatience, while humming 'm's of 'Lacedaemonium Tarentum' convey a smooth homecoming in sharp contrast to Punic torture that awaits Regulus.

Catullus provides an even better example of literary 'audacity'. Disgust for Lesbia's betrayal of his love drives him to travel abroad. The preceding stanza denounces her misconduct in vilest terms, and the hendecasyllables end in simple dignity:

nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam tactus aratro est.

Let her heed not my love, as once she did, which has perished by her sin, just as a blossom of a distant meadow when struck by a passing plough.

This provides a peaceful climax to stormy renunciation, gratitude and disgust, hate and love, a town courtesan's passion sublimated to the fading beauty of a country flower.

Mr. Warner instances 'audacity' of the opening sentence. A fine instance of it is Theodore Dreiser's 'Dusk of a summer night . . .' repeated at the close of *An American Tragedy*.

Does literary 'audacity' quite bring out the full quality of these and similar metaphors? I think not. The eminent critic of antiquity, Longinus, uses a far better word to express the daring and felicity of these projected images. May I venture the phrase 'sublimity of image' as, perhaps, a more successful vehicle for conveying this kind of thought?—Yours, etc.,

London, N.13

ALBERT EUSTACE

Advertising: Is It Worth It?

Sir,—Mr. Assinder, in his letter which you published on December 20, showed ignorance of three basic facts of selling:

- (1) Without advertising, even in its simplest forms, the consumer would never get to know of a product.
- (2) No matter how much is spent on advertising or what guiles of persuasion are used, in a competitive community the product has got to be good. In the end the consumer has the choice.
- (3) Mr. Assinder refers to 'the greatest number'. Through advertising big demand is created and through this mass production with reduced production costs and hence a product at a lower price for a greater number.

It seems that Mr. Assinder either lives in or would have us return to the Middle Ages.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

DAVID NAES

What Is Religion About?

Sir,—I fear that Professor A. D. Ritchie has misread my letter. As stated by me, the premisses of Professor Macmurray's argument were:

All human beings, and no non-human beings, are rational (*i.e.*, are capable of reasoning). Some human beings, and no non-human beings, are religious.

Professor Ritchie, with an air of correcting me, states the premisses thus:

All human beings are rational.
All religious beings are human.

But these are merely the same premisses in different words; except that Professor Ritchie's version omits the point (on which Professor Macmurray lays some emphasis, but which is not really essential to the argument) that no non-human beings are rational.

From these premisses follows the true but unexciting conclusion that all religious beings are capable of reasoning. (It can be proved by parallel syllogisms that all drug addicts, flat-earth men, believers in astrology, etc., since they are human, are capable of reasoning.) Professor Ritchie seems to think that I want to dispute this conclusion, either by disputing the truth of one or both premisses, or by denying that the conclusion follows logically from them. But this is a misunderstanding. In my letter I said explicitly that the conclusion that all religious people are capable of reasoning is a valid inference from the given premisses, and is indisputably true.

Professor Ritchie suggests that this modest conclusion was all that Professor Macmurray wanted to draw. But surely it needed no Professor of Moral Philosophy to come to the microphone to establish this fact! What Professor Macmurray claimed to have proved was the very different proposition that 'religion is an expression of reason'. The purpose of my letter was to show that this proposition cannot be equated with 'all religious people are capable of reasoning', and that it does not follow from Professor Macmurray's premisses.—Yours, etc.,

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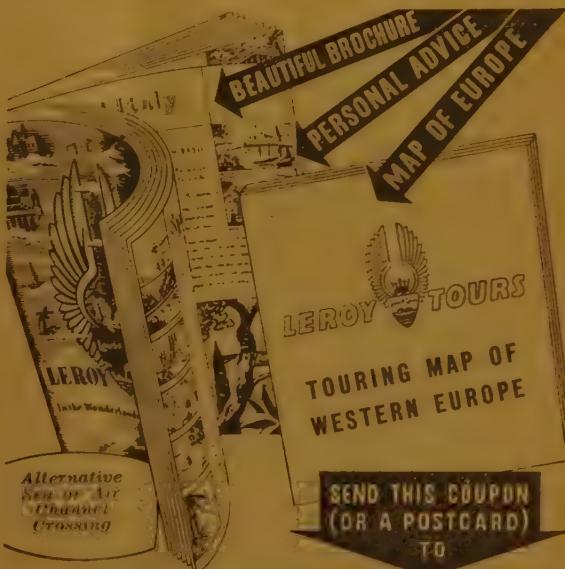


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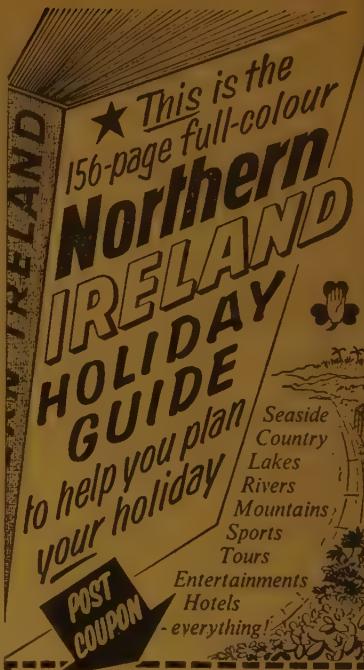
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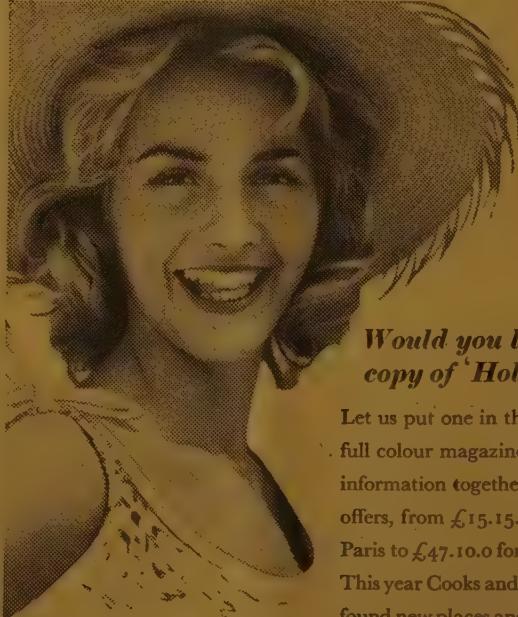
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

In Their Early Twenties

By T. Ferguson and J. Cunnison.
Oxford. 12s. 6d.

IN THE PRESENT VOLUME Messrs. Ferguson and Cunnison follow the careers of some two thirds of the Glasgow lads, whom they discussed in *The Young Wage Earner* and *The Young Delinquent*, up to the age of 22. The original studies were already devoted to the lower strata of Glasgow society, since all the members stopped school at the minimum leaving age; and in the present study the quality of the lads would seem to be even further reduced, for the 30 per cent. whose National Service had been deferred to enable them to complete an apprenticeship or period of training have been excluded from consideration. This book describes some aspects of the lives and careers of 454 lads (40 per cent.) who were called up for National Service and 253 (22 per cent.) who were rejected as unfit, and essays a comparison of the two groups at the age of 22, two years after National Service was completed, in an attempt to estimate the effect of conscription on young men's lives.

No very firm conclusion can be drawn from this study. Something like a fifth of the conscripts had difficulty in resettling into civilian life, but they were on the whole the least well adjusted before their National Service, people of poor physique and intelligence, coming from disgusting slum surroundings. The Army by and large improved their physique but, not surprisingly, gave little useful training. The Air Force got a consistently better type of draftee, and the men who had done their National Service in the R.A.F. made better civil adjustments. The general impression given is that National Service takes two years of the young men's lives in a way which the majority find at any rate tolerable but makes very little difference to their subsequent careers; to that extent it is a waste of time. Being rejected as unfit for National Service can also have a somewhat traumatising effect.

Although National Service would seem to have no identifiable effects on the majority of the draftees which can be isolated by the methods used in this research, Messrs. Ferguson and Cunnison have incidentally uncovered one extremely disquieting social symptom; this is the very high proportion of lads, something like a quarter of the total, who start on an apprenticeship or training for a skilled job, and then abandon their training for semi-skilled or manual work. This seems to be quite unconnected with National Service, for the proportion who dropped out of training was almost identical in the draftees and in the medically rejected. This finding is alarming, for the survival of this country depends on the skill of its inhabitants; and when something like a quarter with the potentiality for turning into skilled men reject the opportunity because of the harder work or greater responsibility or the immediately higher wages paid for less skilled work the outlook is sombre. The authors refrain from drawing wider conclusions from this important discovery; it suggests that we may in the future have to pay an extremely heavy price for the levelling of reward and the depreciation of skill which has been the national policy in the last decade.

The penological aspect of the work is brought up to date, as far as this portion of the sample is concerned. The numbers are very small; but quite a few of those who had been in trouble with the police as juveniles had no further

commitments; and quite a few of the adult criminals (overwhelmingly thieves) had a clean juvenile record. Juvenile delinquency does not necessarily lead to a criminal career.

Friendship's Harvest

By Violet Markham. Reindhardt. 25s. The latter part of this rather expensive publication is better value than the opening essays. Miss Markham has been fortunate in having many friends, and as the years go by she remembers them—as indeed the title of her book indicates—with more and more kindness. The fierceness of her earlier years has been mellowed to a geniality that makes some of the chapters in her book, e.g., that on John Buchan, read like expanded obituary notices. This does her heart credit, but produces reading matter less enlivening than that provided by those possessing a more acid and more precise style, such as Bertrand Russell employed in his *Portraits from Memory*. Miss Markham has a chapter on 'the Haldanes of Cloan', from which one gathers that she admired Lord Haldane, his mother and his sister, and Professor J. S. Haldane. And rightly indeed; but the admiring pages tell the reader much less, in sum, about Haldane himself than do the much more critical entries in Beatrice Webb's *Diaries*.

Those who persevere, however, will come upon two really rewarding long contributions. One deals with Mackenzie King, grandson of that thorn-in-the-side rebellious Canadian, who became a deeply-respected and almost permanent Prime Minister of the Dominion; the second with Robert Morant. It is possible that the last word on Morant, the stormy petrel of public education, will never be said. Miss Markham writes as a passionate partisan of Morant against his rivals in public esteem, principally, of course, Sir Michael Sadler. Sadler, whose personality clashed violently with Morant's and who was certainly driven out of the world of state education by his rival, has been strongly defended in recent years by his son and by Miss Lynda Grier. It is only fair that something should be said on the other side; on this subject Miss Markham's indignation informs and improves her style. The book closes with a brief but charming essay on how to grow old gracefully.

Four Worthies

By Wallace Notestein. Cape. 18s.

In *The English People on the Eve of Colonization* Professor Notestein painted in broad strokes a portrait of English society in the early seventeenth century. This new book turns back to the manner of his *English Folk* where the stories of a few individuals, interesting enough in themselves, are subordinated to the examination of their characters as part of their time, class and place. His four worthies are well chosen. Between them they span the Stuart century, they are various in origin and outlook, and the records they left are copious and pertinent enough to enable at any rate a partial re-creation of their experience. The result is not just another piece of book-making, but a unity.

Historians have long quarrelled in the rich layers of John Chamberlain's letters for information about other people. Professor Notestein uses them first to bring out the man himself and then through him to look at his age. He finds 'a middle-of-the-road Englishman in the period of transition between the confident days of Elizabeth and the doubting and divided days of the

Stuarts', a Londoner, but still at ease in the provinces. Modest, unambitious, but acute and positive, Chamberlain emerges as a trustworthy guide to the groups and individuals with whom he came in contact. Lady Anne Clifford stands for a peculiarly English type of *grande dame*, forthright and indomitable. As a young woman, harried by two importunate husbands, she wept and drooped. But translated, an unreluctant widow, to her ancestral lands in the north, she flourished. Into the reign of Charles II she carried the life of a great feudal magnate, practising her motto: 'Preserve your loyalty, defend your right'. Feared, respected, and sometimes loved, she wrote her name across her 'country', a ragged, unruly land not yet assimilated with the rest of England, sparsely inhabited by an uncommandable people who could best appreciate her toughness and generosity of spirit. Oliver Heywood, 'a travelling salesman of the gospel', tells us more about the middle and lower reaches of this unique society. It is fortunate that in recording his own long pilgrimage towards heaven he found it needful to set down his experience of the lives of his less dedicated neighbours. The four forbidding-looking volumes of his memoirs turn in Professor Notestein's hand into something rich and true and strange. John Taylor has always seemed a bore: Professor Notestein confirms this impression, but shows how through even his flat unmusical verses we can glimpse something of the notions of a class that was commonly inarticulate. Taylor's conventional unimaginative outlook makes all the more remarkable the upsurge during the civil wars of radical ideas in the lower middle classes.

In a brief introduction Professor Notestein comments in general terms on some of the traits revealed in the lives of his worthies. He notes in the English people a generosity, an affability that not all outsiders—and not all Englishmen—have been inclined to recognise. No one, however, is likely to deny the national self-esteem; it is found even in the Digger, Gerrard Winstanley. Professor Notestein sees the English as an essentially leisure-loving people, and cannot remember that anyone in the seventeenth century was ever praised for working hard. May one remind him of some remarks about Strafford made by George Radcliffe? The great advocate of the strenuous philosophy of 'thorough', he says, 'never undertook any business that he would give over until he had finished it. He was constantly at work himself and set out able instruments in every kind proper to his assistance; to them he gave little rest, still calling on and encouraging them to be doing, and to give accounts of what they had done, and rewarding plentifully all that deserved it'. Perhaps that was why he was executed.

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill. Edited by Douglas Grant. Oxford. 63s.

Churchill is one of our odder phenomena—the unclerical clergyman who, suddenly turning poet at the age of twenty-nine, produced some 17,000 lines of vigorous satire in three years, at the end of which he died exhausted by both literary and amatory excesses. The demerits of his productions are no more than might have been expected: they are hastily put together, thin on the ground, verse rather than poetry, and abounding in purely contemporary reference with which time has not dealt kindly. But they have their merits too. Vigour and abundance

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are the most evident of these—Churchill is very much of the school of Dryden rather than of Pope, as his refusal to end-stop his couplets also indicates in a purely metrical connection. Perfectly turned and quotable couplets are rare: the lines on the delayed appearance of Johnson's *Shakespeare*—

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the Book?
—are perhaps the only current coin amongst them. But he is a master at tossing off the bullying contemptuous phrase—‘A Smooth, Smug Stripling in life's fairest prime’—and one can well understand that his contemporaries were afraid of him. And in his last sad fragment ‘The Journey’, with its melancholy refrain ‘I on my Journey all Alone proceed’, we come close to the suffering that lies at the heart of all satire, as we realise that Churchill himself, more clearly than anyone else, anticipated the verdict of posterity upon him:

Some of my Friends (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of Genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a Bankrupt at the last.

Mr. Douglas Grant's edition is clearly definitive. Churchill's text presents few complications, since he seldom gave himself the leisure to revise or correct. The great stumbling-block is the wealth of contemporary allusion: most of the personalities involved are disguised in initials or pseudonyms; few satisfactory contemporary annotations were made, and Churchill's nineteenth-century editor, Tooke, was eager rather than accurate. Mr. Grant has gone direct to the sources (newspapers, memoirs, periodicals) to produce a monument of factual scholarship that can be faulted only in minor details—for example, if an initial is expanded into a proper name the resultant line must *scan*: ‘And Pensions only keep L[igonier] alive’ is metrically impossible. Churchill's thought, and references other than to personalities, present not much difficulty: Mr. Grant is however a little less thorough in this minor department of his task. For example, in ‘The Times’ we find the line

Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air
and, a page later,

Eat up with the Kings-evil, and his blood
Tainted throughout.

The second of these receives the usual ‘school-edition’ annotation: ‘The King's Evil is scrofula, which was supposed to be curable by the king's, or queen's, touch’, etc. The first, which is surely in greater need of explanation, is passed over in silence. (Puzzled readers may consult, e.g., Topsell's *Historie of Foure-footed Beasts* (1607): ‘It is reported also by Columella that in Spaine, in the Mountain Tagro which reacheth into Portugall upon the Ocean, there be Mares which rage so far in lust, that by their ardent desire of copulation they conceive by the Southwest wind, without the company of a horse.’) But these are trifling reflections upon an in general exemplary edition.

Wild America. By Roger Peterson and James Fisher. Collins. 30s.

James Fisher must surely be one of the most fortunate naturalists in the world; he has now added a 30,000-mile tour of the most interesting parts of North America to his many journeys in search of birds among far places. And he had the advantage of making his tour with a delightful companion who is one of America's most distinguished naturalists. ‘If you come to America’, he had said, ‘I will meet you in Newfoundland and conduct you around the continent’. As Peterson says, most visitors to America see only the cities . . . few are aware

of the other side of the continent as expressed in National Parks, National Nature Monuments, Fish and Wildlife Refuges, and many other sanctuaries.

The tour covered the whole of the continent from Mexico to Alaska, and the wonders followed in such quick succession that by the end even the receptive and enthusiastic visitor was surfeited. And likewise with the book—it is so packed with interest that it must be taken in small doses, a chapter at a time. All of them are fascinating, but they should be digested one by one; it is very difficult to pick any as the best, so high is the standard of all. Perhaps one of the strangest stories is that about the invasion of the New World by the Cattle Egret, once an inhabitant only of the Old, in which we see evolution taking place before our eyes. But it is invidious to make a choice, so rich are the spoils set before us.

The volume is decorated with a large number of delightful drawings by Roger Peterson. It should adorn the shelves of every naturalist on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Unknown Revolution (Kronstadt 1921, Ukraine 1918-21). By Voline. Freedom Press. 12s. 6d.

The History of a Soviet Collective Farm. By Fedor Belov. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

In March 1921 the sailors and garrison of the naval base of Kronstadt rebelled against the communist regime. In the conditions of Lenin's dictatorship this rebellion was the first ‘popular vote’ against communism since the election of the Constituent Assembly in November 1917. The sailor rebels did not repudiate the revolution. But their protest against the communists was at the same time political and economic. They demanded freedom for all left-wing parties, liberation of socialists confined in the concentration camps, and an end to the terror which, as they saw it, was caused by the determination of the Communist Party to preserve at all costs the monopoly of power. In the economic field they demanded easier conditions for the peasants, and small-scale freedom of enterprise so long as no exploitation was allowed. Lenin responded by mowing down the rebels with machine guns, and adopting their economic policy.

Ever since then the story of Kronstadt has been carefully distorted or suppressed by Soviet historians. Western historians have often obligingly followed suit. (The leading history in English of the Bolshevik revolution devotes three and a half lines to the Kronstadt revolt.) The more conscientious historians, anxious to discover the true facts about this rare flash of popular democracy in the Soviet dictatorship, have mainly had to rely on the careful reconstruction of all discoverable facts by anarchist writers, mostly in rare works in the Russian language. One of the most informative of these anarchists was V. M. Eichenbaum, whose history of the Russian revolution (under the pseudonym of Voline) appeared in French some ten years ago. The present volume is a translation by Holley Cantine of a portion of the French work (another portion has already been published in translation under the title of *Nineteen-Seventeen*). The story of Kronstadt occupies about half of the volume and is a corrective addition to most English accounts of it. Its value is further enhanced by an appendix of extracts from the newspaper which the rebels published daily for about ten days—the last free press in the Soviet Union.

The remainder of Voline's book is taken up with the story of Makhno's anarchist insurrection in the Ukraine, which managed to retain

an extensive territory under its control until 1921. In the case of Kronstadt there was no direct anarchist influence, though of course much anarchist sympathy. But Makhno's revolt was under the open banner of anarchism. Therefore the account of Kronstadt is sympathetic but objective. Where Makhno is concerned, Voline is frankly partisan. His account of this strange pocket of anarchism in the midst of Bolshevik Russia is a necessary complement to Soviet accounts, which dismiss Makhno as a bandit. But the picture presented is somewhat idealised.

The problem of the peasants, and their voluntary or forcible assimilation into Marxist state forms, was a large element in both the Kronstadt revolt and Makhno's insurrection. It has remained the key problem in Soviet domestic affairs ever since, particularly accentuated since Stalin's policy of collectivisation overturned Lenin's New Economic Policy.

Mr. Belov, who was chairman of a collective farm for three years, from 1947 to 1949, and subsequently escaped to the West, has now written a sober and entirely convincing account of his experiences. His story is documented by diaries which he succeeded in bringing away with him. The light and dark sides of collectivisation, the shifts and subterfuges, the occasional joys and more frequent sorrows, are well presented in his book. It should become a most valuable appendix to the economic and statistical studies of the collective farm which often tend to omit the most important factor—the farmer.

Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by C. C. Abbott. Oxford. 50s.

It is eighteen years since the first edition of this book was published, and meanwhile Professor Abbott has been assiduously collecting new letters, with the result that the volume has increased from 297 pages to 465. A new group of family letters (130 pages) mainly account for this difference, but though they are valuable as biographical data, they do not add greatly to the general interest of the collection. That interest is still concentrated in the fascinating letters to and from Coventry Patmore, with their professional but passionate discussion of questions of poetry in general and of prosody in particular. We learn more about Hopkins' real nature from this technical exchange than from all the conventional letters he addressed to his parents. In these letters the only occasion on which Hopkins departs from the usual domestic clichés is when he announces his conversion to the Church of Rome, and this he does in a letter to his father which Professor Abbott describes as ‘a defensive overstatement to prevent further question and a deliberate banishing of affection lest the main issue be obscured. But the letter is written in ice’. His father's reply, a draft of which has survived, is justly reproving, sorrowful and dignified. There is much in the rest of the correspondence to mitigate this impression of harshness, but those who have suspected a conflict between poetry and religion in Hopkins, based on a conflict between emotion and intellect, will perhaps be confirmed in their views. Hopkins' conversion, as a letter to Liddon shows, was not due to ‘any belief in a personal illumination’, but was rather a gradual process of intellectual assent, and the intellect in such circumstances tends to be cold and unemotional.

A word, of query rather than of criticism, may be said about the arrangement of the letters. We now have three volumes of correspondence, grouped for the most part according to the recipients. An untidy section in the present volume accounts for the miscellaneous letters. There is much to be said for this arrangement



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MORE SUGGESTIONS ON PAGES 27, 28 AND 30

—we can follow an argument between two writers without interruption. But there is also much to be said against it. Anyone who wishes to follow the development of the mind of Hopkins must reconstruct the actual sequence

of all the letters, and read, for example, the letter he wrote to Newman on 15 October, 1866, in sequence with the already mentioned letter to his father which he wrote the next day. For obvious reasons one would like to read the

letters to Bridges concurrently with the letters to Patmore. A volume of selected letters (and there is a strong case for a selection) arranged in chronological order would perhaps be the happiest solution of this dilemma.

New Novels

The Red Room. By Françoise Mallet-Joris. W. H. Allen. 13s. 6d.

Sackcloth and Ashes. By Henri Troyat. Arco. 18s.

Madame Solario. Heinemann. 16s.

THE brilliance of Françoise Mallet-Joris' new novel, *The Red Room*, may augur an even richer literary harvest from Existentialism's second generation than from its first. For this, surely, is what has crept upon us. It is a decade now since liberation revealed the ferment of revolutionary ideas which had seethed in the sealed vat of Occupied France: ten years since we learned the names Sartre, Camus, de Beauvoir. Since then the giants have gone in new directions, pursuing divergent doctrines and interests. The clamour out of St. Germain des Prés has subsided to jazz; the long-haired girls in black jerseys have married and moved to the Right Bank; the tourists haunt Les Deux Magots in vain. But meanwhile a generation of *lycéens* has grown up, so steeped in *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, *L'Etranger*, and *L'Homme Révolté*, that they are irritably surprised to hear their attitudes called Existentialist. Sartre's vision of the lone, unbending ego, choosing its patterns of meaning through an inane universe, has so strongly moulded the young imaginations of France that it seems their own experience and discovery. Even at their best, the plays and novels of the first-generation Existentialists never escaped an element of didactic haranguing. Both Sartre and Camus have found themselves more comfortable, lately, in the *récit* form, the long, vestigially dramatised philosophico-poetic soliloquy. But for the generation of Sagan, theory has become fact. Camus' doctrine of the 'absurd' has turned into their grey city of weary adolescents and purposeless, drifting adults; Sartre's notion of the isolated self, into their rented single rooms with unmade beds. The metaphysic of Bohemianism, never, with its romantic harkings-back to Fichte, very acceptable to philosophers, has found its proper metamorphosis. Existentialism has grown into a world.

It is clearly the world, despite the fact that she is not French but Belgian, of Mlle. Mallet-Joris' novels. What distinguishes *The Red Room*, and its predecessor, *Les Remparts des Béguines*, above *Bonjour Tristesse* and *Un Certain Sourire*, is the way she has rooted it in the older, more fully fleshed reality of her own Flemish background. She has linked its fundamental intuition, of the self against the world, to the ancient, kindred emotion once expressed in medieval art by the image of the skeleton. There is an element in the Danse Macabre, in Hamlet's sermon upon Yorick's skull, which has nothing to do with other-worldliness, nor even, I think, with death. Rather, it recognises, with frightened triumph, a kind of life: the life of the bone. Beneath all else, it says, we still have this. In all our doings, this hidden, grinning stranger in our skin watches, aloof, mocking, yet a refuge. We are weak, we are pleasant, we are greedy. We sweat, we lie, we love. We are docile, we are public, we are mortal. But we are also bone. *The Red Room* possesses the quality which raises a third-rate Goya above the best Murillo: it deals with the life of the bone.

Mlle. Mallet-Joris has deliberately set out to revive the medieval genre in which the skeleton

flourished as a character: the morality play. The ancient Flemish port in which it is set becomes an allegorical backdrop, gabled and grotesque, crowded with malevolent faces out of bestiaries peering down narrow streets from window-mirrors. It is carnival, and Avarice, Gluttony, Lust, riot in the markets. The fair-ground gate gapes, blazing, and sailors, scullions and kitchenmaids rush in to dance, drink, and make furtive love. Behind diamond panes, burghers' wives in furs and velvet deceive their husbands; the paraded cuckolds bow, smiling, from the float of Fools. And at the centre, beaming and gross as the Old Vice itself, waddling Madame Vaes welcomes couples to her dingy *maison de rendez-vous*, to the room which is hung with grease-stained scarlet damask.

It is a Flemish Vanity Fair, brought up to date. 'I'm not an angel', cries Hélène, the red-haired young wanton who tells the story of her self-elect damnation; and other echoes hint that her creator may have written with Thackeray in mind. But his little governess was an innocent monster beside this fierce daughter of Molière's Don. Refusing compromise with a world she scorns, Hélène strips off each weakness which could betray—pity, sentiment, remorse. In a Parisian producer who comes to stage a play, she meets an egoism lucid and contemptuous as her own; and for a moment, in the red room where their wills and bodies battle, love ambushes her. Swiftly, ruthlessly, she cauterises the breach. Foreseeing a vulnerability others might use, she deceives her lover with a Polish boy, admits it callously to him, and regains the free, cold monarchy love threatened. Too late, she sees this also was a trap. She has won back the life of the bone; but at cost of imprisonment for life in the red room of flesh. Toward the end, Mlle. Mallet-Joris perhaps underlines her design too emphatically, and somewhat heavy-handed translation scores it again. But she has contrived an astonishing and brilliant *coup de théâtre*, and brought it off almost completely. Before long, we may have to stop comparing her with Mlle. Sagan, even in her favour, and invoke the name of Balzac.

We cannot over here, unfortunately, share the excitement with which French critics greeted Henri Troyat's trilogy, *Tant que la Terre Durera*, of which *Sackcloth and Ashes* is the second volume, as fulfilment of a similar early promise. But even to someone ignorant of his previous work, it must be fairly plain that in this 'novel-river' a talent and a subject have met. A White Russian whose parents brought him as a child to France, M. Troyat has found scope for an epic gift in the history of the revolution from which his family fled. He has found, too, an excellent vantage-point to chronicle it from. His vividly engaged imagination leaves no doubt that the Russian revolution is *his* epic; but his thirty years as a Frenchman allows a detachment which never becomes partisan.

True, most of his characters, the Danovs and the Arapovs, belong to the Tsarist bourgeoisie, and flee, at the end of this volume, from the Bolshevik regime. Only one, Nicholas Arapov,

works sincerely for the revolution, and his loyalties become so tangled that he meets death as a release. But M. Troyat is not, on the whole, concerned to create round or self-sufficient characters—his one attempt, the Dostoevskian monster Kisiakov, struck me as misguided—but to sketch in figures to illumine, or set in perspective, aspects of the world-storm which sweeps them away. Michael Danov leaves his unfaithful wife to fight on the eastern front; he sees fraternising soldiers smoking nervously in the moonlit reeds by a frozen river. His wife's weak lover, Volodia, stops to gape at the hole in the Neva ice where Rasputin's slashed and chained corpse was thrown. The grotesque Kisiakov runs yelling with the sailors and Cossacks through the sack of the Winter Palace. Nicholas Arapov, torn but exalted, waits in the snow and searchlights to see cheering troops bear a small, triumphant Lenin on their leather shoulders out of the Finland Station. M. Troyat's thoroughness sometimes skirts the danger which overwhelmed Savonarola Brown in that last, superb stage direction ('Enter Guelphs and Ghibellines, fighting; Lucrezia Borgia appears at a window; Pippa passes. . . .') But in the end his subordination of character to event makes its effect. Slowly, through all the fragmentary visions, we see the massive bones of History take dinosaur shape.

Everyone seems concerned to prove *Madame Solario* either purest Jamesian diamond, or common Ouidan paste. It'll moderate; in fact, it's semi-precious. Two-thirds of it tells, with slightly laborious heaping-up of waltzes, countesses, and millinery, an elegant but old-fashioned Jamesian *conte* of innocence and glamour, those great American themes. A dewy English boy, loitering a last Edwardian summer by Lake Como, is taken in thrall by an enigmatic international beauty, trailing a white parasol and a whisper of scandal; he is shattered when fact turns out ten times worse than whisper. The middle third tells another, more interesting story: the growth of the ugly fact, Madame Solario's incest with her wastrel brother. The two are joined by the theme of innocence lost, as well as plot; but their juxtaposition makes a flaw in what James called 'distancing' from which neither novel nor heroine recovers. Of all sins, fairly obviously, incest is the most domestic. The motives the author touches in are surely the right ones: a shared immaturity, a retreat from a feared world into cosy infantine complicity. But from there, no return can be made. 'Nelly', the quivering, lost, and insecure, can never regain the hour-glass Medusa poise of Madame Solario. She can be either glamorous or incestuous, not both; since that is the point of the plot, it is odd that the author should miss it. Unable to be either, the poor thing becomes a cipher, fading out of the novel as utterly as a Cheshire cat, wanly to a Mona Lisa smile. Only when she has gone, and her pale victims face each other on a withered, birdless margin between the book's two levels of depiction, does *Madame Solario*, for a moment, touch bone.

RONALD BRYDEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Visible Music

UNTIL RECENTLY my glances at television have been few and evasive; consequently though my ear has long since become hard-boiled by years

in a bad second by a process of reasoning; but Miss West would have none of this and presented the ingenious theory that the only difference between the two methods is that what we call intuition is the result of rapid unconscious reasoning. When I myself make a shot in the dark and it proves to be wrong I call it a bad shot, but when it hits the mark, then I call it



'Press Conference' on December 28: Alexander Kerensky, Prime Minister of the Russian Government in 1917, being interviewed by (left to right) Francis Williams, George Scott, Paul Johnson, and Andrew Shonfield

of the Spoken Word, my eye, it is to be hoped, will have some of the innocent wonder and piercing scrutiny of the child's. What struck me most forcibly at the outset was the enormous impact made by a visible broadcaster and moreover a total stranger face to face with me in the privacy of my study, an impact much more violent than when meeting an actual person. Another surprise is that a broadcaster who used to bore or irritate me when talking invisibly may take on with his visible presence a personality which turns out to be unexpectedly sympathetic, so that I not only watch but listen to him with pleasure. I have noticed, too, how infallibly television betrays those performers who think more of their personal performance and its effect on their viewers than of the job in hand. Let me warn them here and now that they produce, in me at least, sentiments diametrically opposite to those they evidently hope to evoke.

One of my first adventures in the new medium was 'The Brains Trust' and here I discovered visibility to be a great asset. By voice alone, it's true, one gets from a broadcaster, or rather a good broadcaster, more than the words he speaks. Tone of voice and manner of speaking give qualities and meanings over and above the words; but the visible presence contributes by gestures and facial expression even subtler shades of communication: a smile, a frown, a sarcastic twist of the lip can reinforce, modify, and even contradict the spoken word.

With a team made up of A. J. Ayer, Rebecca West, J. Bronowski, and the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood there was small chance that conversation would be dull whatever the quality of the questions, and on this occasion interesting and provocative questions were not wanting. One of these, 'What is intuition?' produced some first-rate discussion. It is often said that women reach conclusions by intuition while men come

intuition. Professor Ayer and Dr. Bronowski, with whose voices I had long been familiar, turned out to have appearances (totally different from those my imagination had endowed them with) which give rich colour to what they say, and Norman Fisher with his timely incursions and neat summings-up makes a perfect question-master.

My first taste of 'Panorama' and 'Talk of Many Things', dispensed by Richards Dimbleby



Claudio Arrau, who appeared with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, in 'Concert Hour' on December 23

and Attenborough respectively, left me with feelings as mixed as the fare dished up to me, some of which I found difficult to stomach, but it would be unfair to pronounce on either after a first view, and I pass on to 'Concert Hour' in which the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with Claudio Arrau as pianist, were to be seen performing Brahms' great Piano Concerto in B flat. I expected much of this, but my expectations fell far short of the mark. Had I underrated what television could do, or did it on this occasion excel itself? Whichever the truth, this was the most thrilling experience radio has yet given me. It is always fascinating to watch a skilful pianist's hands and I have occasionally been able to do so at closer quarters than in a concert hall, but never so close as the camera showed me Mr. Arrau's hands coping easily and with a deadly precision with this appallingly difficult music.

This would have been an enthralling experience in itself, but the presentation gave much more. At the musically appropriate moments the view switched to the strings, the wood-wind, the brass, or to individuals among them, as in the opening of the slow movement when we could watch the solo cellist playing the melody that becomes the subject of the whole and, into the bargain, forming, with sections of the other cellos in the background, a perfectly composed abstract picture. Another switch-over would reveal Sir Malcolm strenuously at work and another the full orchestra with the rhythmic swing of arms and bows over strings. By this method the viewer seemed to see Brahms' orchestration in visible form. It was, in fact, a marvellous display of television presentation of which its author, Noble Wilson, must be justly proud.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Indian Ink

THE DEEDS of Clive of Plassey are written in permanent ink; the portrait-play is roughed in flaking grease-paint. Or we can say that its dramatists, W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney, stopped at an illustrated Child's Guide to Clive. A comparison of Macaulay's essay with the text of 'Clive of India', as adapted for television, shows how much of the life has been omitted or telescoped, how the years flip by almost at the speed of Wilder's 'The Long Christmas Dinner'. On Sunday night I found myself listening, with unkind pleasure, for the dramatists' anxious progress reports. Bob Clive becomes Ensign Clive. Then: 'You were in the great campaign with Captain Clive?'; 'Shall I speak to Colonel Clive?'; 'He may be my Lord Clive of Plassey, but 'tis against nature'. He does not get any further, but we can be sure that our authors would have borne him swiftly through the peerage.

The trouble is that the character of this imperious fighter remains static. On Sunday, though Marius Goring carefully indicated the ravages of a quarter of a century, he had a limited range of emotion to express. When he might have found something in the man—prematurely aged at forty-nine—on the night of the Commons vote, we were dismissed with a shot of the Berkeley Square plaque, followed by the cast list.

Do we ask too much? The television play is



Scene from 'Clive of India' on December 30, with (left to right) Jeannette Sterke as Margaret, Marius Goring as Robert Clive, and Allan Jeayes as the Earl of Chatham

called 'the story of an adventure'—a tag missing from the original theatre programme. It would be silly to suppose that every viewer arrived direct from the crammer's, with Macaulay and an electric torch under one arm, and possibly a date or two on the finger-nails. Simply an 'adventure', then; but on that level there is not much to stir us. There is the Mir Jaffar scene (where, by the way, is Omichand?); Clive prepares to cross his Rubicon before Plassey; he is allowed to reply at once to Burgoyne in the Commons. Otherwise, as so often in a portrait-play, excitements are round the corner. Not that we really expect, on stage or television screen, to be spectators at Plassey; but we cannot help being wistful. (Maybe in these days—1957 is the bicentenary of Plassey—any record of Anglo-Indian history must be matter for wistfulness.)

On Sunday the producer, Rudolph Cartier, tried with craft to decorate an over-simplified piece; to hint at a background that for me must recall the lines of the late Edward Thompson, 'Tramboon and cinnamon: Myrrh and myrabalon: Tamarind: olibanum'. If I was rarely persuaded of torrid heat, I could at least accept the suggestion that the screen contained multitudes; that we were eavesdropping on Clive's India. (I felt sorry for those soldiers who would have been drenched in the monsoon

downpour.) Mr. Goring sought desperately to lift some flat writing; Jeannette Sterke had little to do but suffer in silence the rivalry of India, the land that one day would be called 'the grim Stepmother of our kind'; and Walter Gotell, having something to act as Mir Jaffar, duly acted (with his mind and with his eyes). Few others counted, though André van Gyseghem had a few bitter minutes as that General Burgoyne of whom I seem to have been hearing and seeing a lot lately, and a final entrance for Lord Chatham could have been better managed. We can say, on the authors' behalf, that they have not toyed with too much period wax, and that such speeches as 'That fellow Chippendale? New-fangled shape, but good' are blessedly few.

Where Clive's career had to be jammed into an hour and forty minutes, *Becky Sharp*'s design for living is having three hours (in six

Samuel Elkin's 'They Shot an Arrow', from Canada, was a brief 'weepie', with one of those infuriatingly apt child players. A Movie Museum extract from 'The Eagle' showed Valentino acting at full pressure like a suddenly galvanised marshmallow. And a final postscript for my distinguished predecessor: I have still to meet Gran Grove, but bulletins no doubt are imminent.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Holy Nonsense

APE and ESSENCE? The commercial theatre funks the Christmas challenge in panic flight to the bestiary. Once upon a time pantomime plots had an allegorical essence. Now it is gay go up and Grimm come down. Carnival crackers snap without a spark, tissue-thin animal hats take the limelight, and a rhymed moral flutters unmarked in the wings.

Sound broadcasting has three wishes. Its temptation is to use them to evade the mixed blessing. Why not please everyone by keeping best and beast apart, as they do in playhouse and pulpit? Potted panto is light enough. Children's carols make a contented Home. Third persons will appreciate a virgin birth uncontaminated by gross entertainment. Instead of which easy way out, the Drama Department, to



Amelia's coach outside Miss Pinkerton's Academy: a scene from 'Vanity Fair', the first instalment of which was televised on December 28

instalments). The first episode of 'Vanity Fair' took us as far as Great Gaunt Street. 'Well', says Becky, 'it's not so bad', and it's not. Joyce Redman is Becky on the march: she has the swift glance—Thackeray's Sharp is a type-label as much as Surface or Sneerwell—and I swear that her eyes dart a green ray. Others promise well: Derek Blomfield will bring up Dobbin, and Alan Badel has Rawdon's sultriness.

I am less sure of Jos Sedley. Jack May's natural habit of mind is too alert for that stuffed waistcoat; I cannot place him as the exile from Boggley Wollah of whom Clive would have been properly scornful; he should be puffier, slower. Still he was pleasantly foolish when rack-punched at Vauxhall where there had been tinkering with the approved text. We know that Jos himself ordered the punch; the Jos of Constance Cox and Ian Dallas has it ordered for him (with malice aforethought) by George Osborne. Cunning though this is, the scene is not the Vauxhall of the few famous pages. Yet, all said, a likely production (Campbell Logan's).

its eternal credit, accepted the Christmas challenge in all three channels. This year the Magi of Broadcasting House brought rich gifts.

The climax, aptly enough, was a medieval and modern double in the Third and Home on Christmas Eve. John Barton's script and Raymond Raikes' production of the medieval Nativity Play (Third) was the best thing yet in 'The First Stage' series. Was one's criticism coloured by the christicism of the occasion? I put this to the test by listening to the Christmas Day repeat, which only added to my enthusiasm.

Mr. Barton's weaving of the two *Wakefield Pastores* with Coventry and Chester Mysteries is as skilful as scholarly. On the Bethlehem road God bows the sturdy tree to refresh Mary with cherries. In the stable a bending Shepherd gives her new-born child a 'bob of cherries'. He has Heaven in his heart. How simple, how beautiful, and how right.

Raymond Raikes did everything to evoke this composite pattern of spirit flowing ceaselessly between Heaven and the hinds, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Elizabeth Poston's Shepherds'



Margaret Lockwood, with her daughter Julia in 'Call It a Day' on December 27

catch was caught by Joseph. Mary's lullaby was grotesquely taken up by the sheep-stealer's wife who pretends the *corpus delicti* is a new-born child of hers, to keep the theft close. A blasphemous conjuring of clown and Christ? No. As Mr. Barton said, 'the Wakefield Master's master-stroke'. But not, surely, an 'ambiguous echo' so much as a farcical foreshadowing of the fate of the Lamb of the Trinity?

Philip Leon cited this Second Shepherds' Play as a supreme example of 'holy nonsense' (THE LISTENER, November 29), a positive value opposed to blasphemy on the one hand and solemnity on the other. 'The Green Pastures', in the Home Service half an hour later, is a unique modern equivalent to the holy nonsense of the Wakefield play. In Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize-winner the Old Testament regains its innocence in the imagination of unsophisticated American Negroes.

One would like to toss the Lord Chamberlain in a blanket for his solemnity in denying 'The Green Pastures' a licence for public stage performance in this country. But a film of it was shown; and might well be revived; and I saw a remarkable student performance in London, by the Rose Bruford College, in 1955. In all media—print, screen, stage, radio—'The Green Pastures' comes over as a sincere, beautiful, and moving play.

Like the original 1930 production in New York (there was a Broadway revival six years ago), John Gibson's had an all-coloured cast. Negroes presumably, and pardonably, resent the view of them as amusing children as only another more indulgent manifestation of white superiority. I had a feeling that naivety was being played down. Edric Connor, a good singer but no more than a capable actor, could not give the frock-coated preacher who is the figure of De Lawd an extra dimension of compassionate understanding. Mr. Gibson seemed to go warily, and the first scene in Heaven did not bring the 'Certainly, Lawd' responses to a crescendo in song, as the text directs. Coming second to 'The Nativity' in which everyone spoke as to the manner born, this seemed a good 'Green Pastures', not quite a great one.

Fresh from Cinderella on ice at Wembley I did not warm to the Light Programme's Boxing Day revival of a routine 'Cinderella' by Roy Plomley, though it may be what many listeners want. Couldn't the Light get a really new pantomime from Wicked Fairy Ustinov some other season? More imaginative in a kind not far removed from what panto should be was L. A. G. Strong's 'The King and the Mermaid' on Christmas Day. Mr. Strong's rhymed couplets were good and he spoke them well. It is always a pleasure to hear Jan van der Gucht sing, though Ernest Tomlinson's Sullivanesque score seemed at first to belong to a different Irish world.

On a sentimental, superstitious level, Jeffrey Segal's play 'Snowball', on the Sunday before Christmas, had a better image of the wedding of two worlds. A soldier's first-aid to an injured donkey in Assisi snowballs into a Franciscan reward in England later on. But I thought Audrey Cameron misled us by producing the early army scenes as though we were in for another 'Privates' Progress', and then switching to domestic sentiment in the rest of the play, which was too drawn out in its foreseeable development.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Serious Talk

THAT ORTHODOXY which is a part of the new conservatism in the arts was just a little shame-facedly demonstrated in a Third Programme

discussion on some recent novels. At the end Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, Mr. Graham Hough, and Mr. Anthony Quinton agreed that they looked for the 'standard virtues' in novels, demanded an integration of parts, preferred the conventional straight novel to one that tried to make its own rules. All had admired Mr. Roy Fuller's *Image of a Society* as much because it 'obeyed all the rules' as for its deeply realistic image of post-war provincial society; and the novel which most aroused their benignant asperity was Mr. William Golding's *Pincher Martin*. All were bemused by its lack of clarity, its contorted writing, its calculated experimentation. 'He's writing extremely sensitively about absolutely nothing', claimed Mr. Pryce-Jones.

Fortunately, each of the speakers believed, with Carlyle, that orthodoxy was his doxy, and in the end three differing views of what the modern novel should be did come through, even if a little mistily. Mr. Quinton was for literal representation, against the ambiguities which allow a novelist to avoid the responsibility of logical thought. Thus it annoyed him that the composer in *The Lost Steps* who rediscovers his genius by returning to the neolithic world of the jungle should compose a cantata rather than some primordial dirge. But he revealed himself most clearly in his almost violent attack on William Sansom's *The Loving Eye*. Sansom was wilful and arbitrary, he said, disengaged from the life he describes, always seeing his characters from the middle distance. One may agree, one may prefer those novelists who hear every tick and tock of their characters' minds, but the novel is an elastic enough form to make Mr. Sansom's method valid. Mr. Sansom knows that he is himself more a loving eye than an analyst of character, and deploys his talent accordingly. If he obey Mr. Quinton's orthodoxy he would quite lose his card of identity.

This was a serious 'discussion', its general shape worked out in advance. On the Home Service there was a 'conversation piece' between Sir Albert Richardson and Mr. John Betjeman that wandered delightfully, obeying only one rule—suggested by Mr. Betjeman at the beginning of the programme—that 'impersonalism kills every value it touches'. Sir Albert, with his histrionic, enthusiastic style was exactly as one expected; he showed his defiance of our age not so much by attack—it was Christmas, after all—as by talking about the things of the past which he most loves, or the countryside of 'that God-held country', Northumberland, or his meetings with Thomas Hardy, who told him that architecture had 'taught him how to place one thing on another'. Sir Albert, who was brilliantly 'fed' by Mr. Betjeman, now joins, for me, the company of those septuagenarians and octogenarians who are the best broadcasters living.

Signor Ferruccio Rossi-Landi gave two extremely enlightening talks on Italian philosophy during the last fifty years or so. The first described the philosophical climate that produced the two dominant figures of the period, Croce and Gentile. The second made a splendidly paradoxical analysis of the positions of the two men. When Gentile's 'philosophy of the act' and endorsement of the cult of personal action finally made him the official philosopher of fascism, Croce set himself up as the opposition. I had always, myself, thought of Croce, with his phrases like 'the religion of liberty', as the embodiment of Italian liberalism; but it is Signor Rossi-Landi's thesis that the schism between Croce and Gentile was illusory, that Croce contributed to fascism. To support his suggestion that Croce was by temperament an old-fashioned conservative, Signor Rossi-Landi pointed to his complete lack of concern about the welfare of the peasants on his estates, whose work kept him in reasonable luxury. This was

the sort of small revelation one is not pleased to hear—but does anybody think less of *The Social Contract* because Rousseau sent his bastards packing to the orphanage?

Signor Rossi-Landi's other contention was that Croce's and Gentile's philosophies had deep common roots in the three scourges of Italian society, scepticism, hedonism, and conservatism, states arrived at through the indifference produced by centuries of political misery. But what came most clearly from the talk was that the post-war philosophers in Italy have by-passed the whole idealist approach represented by Croce and Gentile, and are producing a version of analytical philosophy which can make a contribution to the betterment of Italian society.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Keeping Up with the Joneses

IN A WEEK that was mostly taken up with recordings—many of them excellent recordings—the 'live' performance of 'Carmen' relayed from the Royal Opera stands out as a vivid and enjoyable experience. Bizet's masterpiece has, somewhat intemperately, been hailed as 'the perfect opera'. There are points of character-drawing and of dramatic construction—faults of the librettists' rather than Bizet's—that must restrain a judicious assessment from applying the adjective 'perfect'. Yet, so far as the music is concerned, the word is almost justified. At the first night of the present revival, ten days before the broadcast, when Raphael Kubelik was conducting, I found myself completely entranced and thrilled by the exquisite detail of this most luminous score.

Last week's performance did not go quite so well. John Matheson, who conducted it, followed the tempi adopted by Kubelik, which were inclined to err in both directions—too fast in quick movements (e.g., the dance at the beginning of Act II), too slow in the opposite (e.g., José's 'Flower Song')—but did not manage to get the orchestra, especially the wood-winds, to play with that absolute felicity of balance and phrasing which had distinguished the first performance. The result was that some of the more equivocal passages in the score, notably in the overture, lapsed into the kind of noisy vulgarity that is always a danger here.

Still, it was a vital performance, well sung and admirable especially in the ensembles, and that is to the credit of the young conductor who was, I think, making his *début* in the august theatre. Of the individual singers Muriel Smith naturally aroused most interest. She was at once a good Carmen and too little the bad girl. Perhaps the singer was determined to live down the fact that she had appeared in American 'musicals' and, above all, as the heroine of 'Carmen Jones', and to show that she was a real opera-singer. She certainly made this point abundantly. For her singing was excellent—a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, well-managed, though still with an ineffective patch in the middle of it. This weakness at an important point with the naturally soft grain of her voice, and the tendency to under-play already mentioned, combined to produce a rather inhibited portrait of Carmen.

Richard Lewis' Don José suffered from the same restrained bearing, amounting in his case to a lack of conviction. One could not for a moment believe that this admirable young man, surely the best bat in the regimental team, would have looked twice at the dishevelled gypsy. No! he would have settled down with Micaela (beautifully sung by Elsie Morison) and lived happily ever afterwards on a sergeant's pension. In justice to the singer, it must be said that José is a part that is really impossible to render convincingly in English. All that Mr. Lewis could do was to sing well, and this he did, phrasing the

lower Song', slow though it was, finely and fitting it with lyrical expressiveness. The toreador (Robert Allman) also did well in his set piece, one of the most difficult in the baritone's repertory, bringing to it just the right touch of farce to redeem its blatancy.

The Third Programme gave us a respectable German performance of Bach's 'Christmas Oratorio', divided between two evenings, as prelude to the festival, and a repetition of the rather uneven 'Falstaff, or the Gobbling Wives of Windsor' which was broadcast some months ago. On Christmas evening there was a characteristic programme directed by Sir Thomas Beecham, who provided exactly the right kind of fare for the musically minded at the end of

the feast—a symphony of Haydn exquisitely handled, Delius' 'Paris' to enchant or lull or awaken nostalgic desires ('Oh! to be in the *ville lumière* where Christmas-dinner costs 10,000 francs!'), 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' Overture to charm away the rigours of a blizzard outside, and Strauss' procession of *gourmandises* from 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' to hold up a mirror to our sated appetites.

On Friday the Third came 'alive' again with a concert, repeated on Saturday, by the B.B.C. Orchestra under the direction of Stanford Robinson. The programme contained another of the new works commissioned by the Third Programme to celebrate its tenth anniversary—a 'symphonic metamorphosis' by Vagn Holmboe

entitled, rather infelicitously for the occasion, 'Epitaph'. The Third Programme does now and then go sleepy, relying on repeats or imitations of what has been done before and on series that cutely juxtapose, say, Clément Jaunquin and Pierre Boulez. But it is still far from needing a funeral oration, let alone one so tense and gloomy as that delivered by the Danish composer, who cheered up for one bright moment in the last of his three movements. A symphony by Clementi (the only one we ever hear, in C major), like that by Méhul revived by Sir Thomas Beecham a week before, confirmed that there are still more good fish in the sea than are taken out of it.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

On Performing Couperin's Harpsichord Music

By WILFRID MELLERS

The next programme in the series devoted to Couperin's keyboard works will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on Monday, January 7 (Third)

LESS than twenty years ago, Couperin was considered an amiable French miniaturist. Today we accept him as a great European composer; and this change in attitude is inseparable from a change in our approach to the performance of baroque music. We have learned that authenticity in performance is not a matter of antiquarian interest; it may determine whether or no the music lives for us. We have discovered that Handel's oratorios are heroic operas, without stage action, in biblical subjects; and that their impact is greater, not less, if they are performed with baroque rhetoric rather than with a sanctimonious austerity. We have discovered too that Bach's cantatas and Passions paradoxically sound more powerful when performed by small forces, in chamber-music style, with appropriate ornamentation and phrasing.

If Bach and Handel make better sense when performed with some approach to authenticity, Couperin, performed without historical awareness, makes almost no sense at all: and this is not simply because he is the less 'universal' composer. The sensible Dr. Burney—using the adjective in its modern English meaning—commented that although Couperin was a fine composer 'he so crowded and deformed his pieces with beats, trills and shakes that no plain note was safe'. But to the sensible Couperin—using the adjective in its French meaning—these graces were neither 'decorative' nor 'inessential' notes, as the text-books so misleadingly call them. They were essential and structural, because a part of the line and harmony; synonymous with the graces, the refinements, of human feeling. This is what we might expect: for Couperin lived in a world in which the most trivial point of etiquette entailed reference to a serious code of rules.

We can perhaps best approach the problem of the graces in harpsichord music by way of the relationship between harpsichord and lute. In the early seventeenth century the lute was the supreme instrument of the French salon: and the reason is not far to seek. The lute's tonal colour is rarefied and exquisite. Though soft, it is capable of an infinite variety of nuance; moreover, since the strings are directly under the control of the player's fingers (which are the servants of his passionate heart and intelligent head) it speaks with intimate humanity. The resonant sobs, the *portamento* sighs, the haze of *fioriture* with which the composer-virtuosi embellished their dance-structures were not designed primarily to exhibit technical skill; their purpose was to make the instrument speak more feelingly to an audience hyper-sensitively

aware of the complexities of the human heart.

The harpsichord resembles the lute in being a plucked string instrument. It differs from the lute in that the strings are plucked not by the fingers, but by quills operated by mechanical jacks. Inevitably, the harpsichord ousted the lute as solo instrument as music became less intimate, more the servant of baroque court ceremony. Couperin le Grand composed for a full-sized two-manual harpsichord with two sets of strings and pedal couplings. He wanted the greater power, the range of dynamic contrast. Yet it is significant that he remained reluctant to sacrifice the lute's sensitivity to the harpsichord's brilliance. Pieces such as 'La Passacaille', calling for big sonorous resources, are exceptional in his work; he said that 'la souplesse des nerfs contribue beaucoup plus au bien jouer que la force'.

The essence of the French style, Couperin suggests, derives from the harpsichord: whereas Italian style derives from the violin. The distinction is most evident in the approach to rhythm. The Italians play the note-values as they are written, the French do not; and the reason is that the French, thinking in terms of the mechanised lute which is the harpsichord, are always trying to make it capable of emotional gradations. This is why rhythmic inequalities are accepted practice in France, but comparatively unfamiliar in Italy. Such inequalities are not notated because they could not be notated. If they could be written out, they would not have the expressive fluidity which is the reason for their existence. The commonest type of inequality occurs in processions of four or more quavers or semiquavers moving by step: except in fast tempi, the first note of each pair is played longer than the second. Hardly less common is the reverse process: in quavers slurred in pairs, the first note is slightly shorter than the second. Both kinds of inequality could occur, in different lines, in the same bar, possibly combined with other lines played equally. Precisely where the inequalities are introduced, and the proportional relationship of long to short notes, depends not on rigid rules, but on the context, and ultimately on 'le goût'.

Ornamentation in Couperin's music is inseparable from these subtleties of rhythm. Of course, the basic ornaments—the long appoggiatura (*port de voix*), the trill and the mordent—are common to all baroque music; if there are more of them in Couperin's harpsichord music than in, say, Handel's, this is because Couperin is revealing the soul of the harpsichord, whereas Handel is usually writing dance music, influenced by string technique, for keyboard. The

weaving garlands of appoggiaturas and passing notes in a piece like 'Les Langueurs Tendres' indicate how closely Couperin's ornamentation is related to his rhythmic flexibility: passing notes become suaver when the first note of each pair is slightly longer than the second, appoggiaturas become more tenderly caressing when the first quaver of each pair is slightly the shorter. Some of Couperin's ornaments are not common property in baroque music but are an adaptation of lute techniques. The 'Suspension' and the 'Aspiration' effect a slight catch in the breath, a moment's silence, before and after a note respectively. Again they make the instrument speak more intimately; they are highly effective, says Couperin, when used by persons 'susceptible de sentiment'.

In his *Méthode* Couperin advocates the modern method of finger substitution to secure a legato, but preserves the traditional distrust of the thumb and partiality for the second, third and fourth fingers. It is possibly more difficult to play Couperin with his own, rather than with a modern fingering; Couperin's fingering has, however, the advantage that it reveals the musical sense of the composition. The life of the phrasing depends on the clear articulation of clauses, phrased, on the analogy of string bowing, as much across the beat as with it. Subtler effects, involving a combination of different phrasings in different parts, Couperin indicates by a number of invented signs, such as commas and straight connecting lines. What appear to be slurs in Couperin's engraved scores are not phrase-marks; they generally indicate that notes which would otherwise be played unequal are to be equal.

Clearly, the twentieth-century player of Couperin has no easy task. He has to find out, from a study of contemporary sources, what are the guiding principles governing rhythm, ornamentation and phrasing. He has to reconcile the apparent contradictions in those sources. Then he has to apply his knowledge in performance, not as an antiquarian but as a musician. Perhaps it is not surprising that his 'graces' sometimes sound self-conscious, whereas to Couperin they were an art that concealed art, the seemingly spontaneous revelation of the music's soul. One can sympathise with those players who make no attempt at, for instance, the *notes inégales*, either because they have not bothered to find out about them or because they are dubious of their ability to perform them convincingly. None the less, such an escape is craven: Couperin's music needs even more than Bach's (and deserves almost as much), both historical awareness and creative imagination.



EVENING LECTURES

(Illustrated) WEDNESDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

Jan. 9th — PROFESSOR W. R. LETHABY
AND HIS INFLUENCE
ON THE ARTS
by John Brandon-Jones

Jan. 16th — JOHN SELL COTMAN
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

A SWEET FOR CHILDREN

AN EFFECTIVE SWEET for a children's party is 'Pete the Pierrot'. Use a pear for the face, currants for eyes, half an almond for the nose, and make a mouth with a few red decorating sweets. The hat is an ice-cream cornet. Set the pierrots in a shallow bowl of jelly, giving them 'ruffles' of cream.

Bottled or canned pears are the best to use for this sweet, and the juice, with a little isinglass and colouring, will make the jelly.

ANNE WILD

'JOHNNY CAKES'

In Cornwall I enjoyed a breakfast of 'Johnny cakes' and bacon. To make them you need:

3 oz. of flour
1 egg (or $\frac{1}{2}$ an egg)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking powder
Pinch of salt
Water or milk to mix

Mix all the dry ingredients together to a thick batter with water or milk. Drop spoonfuls into hot bacon fat and fry briskly on both sides until brown—about 4 or 5 minutes. As a variation, you can add $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce of grated cheese during the mixing.

MOLLY WEIR

CLEANING A RED-BRICK FIREPLACE

A listener asks how to clean a rough, red-brick fireplace. It is by no means easy, because the chemicals in the smoke fumes penetrate the bricks, and they are difficult to remove. However, try first a good scrub down with hot, strong, soda water. If this fails, do the same

with a mixture of spirits of salts and water: half a pint of spirits of salts to two gallons of water. Afterwards, rinse down several times with clean water. But be very careful: spirits of salts is a vicious liquid; it will burn your skin and clothing unless they are well protected. A pair of rubber gloves, an old overall, and a pair of old shoes should provide adequate safeguard.

If the fireplace still resists this treatment, the best plan is to re-colour it. To do this, stir a quarter of a pound of green copperas into a quart of cold water; mix into this solution enough venetian red and burnt ochre to imitate the colour of new bricks. Paint the fireplace with this and leave it to dry and harden until the following day. All these ingredients can be bought from a decorators' supply shop (or you may be able to buy a ready-mixed terra-cotta). Now make a thin paste with three parts of sand, one of lime, and one of cement, and paint the jointing between the bricks with this mixture, using a small, flat brush. The result will be your brick fireplace restored to its original appearance.

J. P. MOSTYN

Notes on Contributors

SIR ARNOLD PLANT (page 3): Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Commerce, London University, since 1930; author of *The Population Problem*, etc.

H. S. DEIGHTON (page 5): Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford

HUGH SETON-WATSON (page 5): Professor of Russian History, London University, since

1951; author of *The Pattern of Communist Revolution*, etc.

TIBOR MENDE (page 6): has recently returned from a year's visit to Japan and India; author of *Conversations with Mr. Nehru*, etc.

IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE (page 11): author of *The Woman Who Could Not Die* and *The Flame in the Snow*

ARTHUR RANSOME, C.B.E., LITT.D. (page 12): author of *Rod and Line*; with Aksakov on Fishing, and many children's books

J. M. CAMERON (page 15): Senior Lecturer in Philosophy, Leeds University

DR. CHARLES EVANS (page 17): surgeon and climber; member of the mountaineering team that conquered Everest and leader of the successful Kangchenjunga expedition; author of *Kangchenjunga: The Untrodden Peak and On Climbing*

GORDON CRAIG (page 19): author of *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self*, *Henry Irving*, *On the Art of the Theatre*, etc.

COLIN CHERRY (page 22): Reader in Telecommunications in the Imperial College of Science and Technology

LANCE SIEVEKING (page 24): author, playwright, producer; Drama Script Editor, B.B.C., 1946-1950; West Regional Programme Director, 1924-1944; author of *A Private Volcano*, *Silence in Heaven*, *Stampede* (illustrated by G. K. Chesterton), etc.

ROY WALKER (page 35): dramatic critic; author of *Golden Feast*, etc.

MICHAEL SWAN (page 36): literary critic and traveller; author of *Paradise Garden*, *Temples of the Sun and Moon*, *Henry James*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,388.

Treble Chance. By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

For those unacquainted with the national pastime: the results of the across-matches are given in the final column, 1 for the first name the winner, 2 for the second the winner and x for a drawn match. Solvers have simply to forecast the contestants, and the chances are that anything from one up to three letters may be stuffed into one square.



CLUES—DOWN

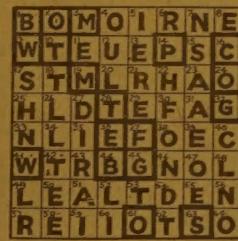
1. Gives us a perm table—the *sine qua non*—and surveys (12)
- 2U. Nearly in the middle of the Sahara is the Hindoo heart of one who was deeply impressed by the fate of Foul Mouthed Frank (4)
3. Cooks up a ragout of schoolmasters (5)
- 4U. Little fiddles (4)
5. The novelist's maxim capitalised. Loutish? (5)
6. Possessor of a nasal beacon assumes non-Aryan disguise (4)
7. Our Arab, even without the Thousand and One and standing on his head, is still a little horse (3)
8. Ball was the rest of my name and my father's name was O'Hara (3)
9. Avaunt, the day before it is a holiday and day after too (3)
10. This bird drops its eggs into other birds' nests (3)
11. Lout and a crook and occasionally sinister (4)
12. Beauty of the vales of Har (4)
13. See the upturned eyes of the headless one from the mountains of Kaf, enormity of portentous hideousness (4)
- 14U. Native of Venezuela, a deformed lout (4)
- 15-17U. The Milton of 1626 (8)
16. Form a dehydrated form with in in in in fish muscles (6)
17. See 15.
18. Half-mother of giants and demons: lisping over lilies she is heard (3)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 19U. P or k (4)
20. Married the mother of giants, only to appear joint bottom of the Classical Tripos (5)
21. It's done up and it's done down (4)
22. What's done, it seems, with dreary sort of lisping dandy (3)
- 23U. By taking sides one appears sedate and solemn (5)
- 24U. Administer a beating . . . and the answer with boys is flexible steel plates worn skirt-like from the waist (3)
25. The cony has lost its mother, Sir (3)

Solution of No. 1,386



NOTES

The quotation is taken from W. M. Thackeray's 'The End of the Play', and reads:

- 1, 11—28, 22, 5, 15—32, 47, 64, 54—37, 43, 60, 50, 33, 27, 17
B E — T H I S — G O O D — F R I E N D S
- 2, 12, 6—16, 31, 21, 38, 48—63, 53, 59, 49, 34—
O U R — C A R O L — S T I L L —
- 44, 29—14, 8, 23, 40, 55—61, 46—36, 51, 57, 42, 25
B E — P E A C E — O N — E A R T H
- 10, 4—19, 13, 7—24, 30—45, 39, 56, 62, 52, 58
T O — M E N — O F — G E N T L E
- 41, 35, 20, 26—9, 3, 18
W I L L — W M T

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. Guy (London, S.E.18); 2nd prize: Miss Jane Anderson (Westham); 3rd prize: Mrs. J. Burton (Torpont).

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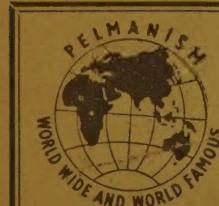
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